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MANURE SPREADER

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P, and HURRYING ALONG THE
waste manure by the old methods of hand
OVEMENTS FOR 1889.
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CESTER, MASS.

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Cream Separators.

Hand and Power Separators, skimming
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e most improved setting systems. Infor-
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CLUTEN MEAL,
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yellow portion of corn, kiln dried, with all the offal
ity and quantity of milk, it will yield the largest
feed on the market. None genuine without the com-
Seal on every bag; 150 lbs. in each bag. All enqui-
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HONEST
August 24, 1887.
"L. F." Atwood's Bitters
as well as family, and never
n according to directions, to fail of producing the
mptoms, Colds, Feverish Symptoms, Headache; also
Debility, I can confidently
attention of the afflicted.
A. M. MERRILL.
REMEDY

S PEERLESS CREAMERY
Absolute Perfection
for Best Quality Butter.
UTTER WORKER
EFFECTIVE and CONVENIENT.
URNS, POWER BUTTER WORK-
PRINTERS, SHIPPING BOXES
or my Illus. Catalogue, containing valuable
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BEING THEIR ORIGINAL INTRODUCER, I offer
two Seeds of Early Cory, Early Marble-
head, Boston Market, Marblehead Mammoth and Longfellow
Edition of the society, together with a large
number of able lectures and essays given at
its annual meetings and at institutes held
by the society in different parts of the
State. Also from the Michigan Board of
Agriculture, the report for the year ending
June, 1888, has been received through the
Secretary, Henry G. Reynolds. It con-
tains the report of the State College, the
First Annual Report of the Experiment
Station connected thereto, the Report of
Forestry Commission, and lectures, discus-
sions and proceedings at farmers' institu-
tes.

Prof. Manly Miles says: "The advan-
tages of ground feed may be summarized
as follows: 1. It is conveniently fed with
cut fodder, and an economical consumption
of the feed may be secured. 2. When
mixed with cut fodder, the demand on the
several organs of digestion is equalized,
and the digestive apparatus, as a whole,
acts more efficiently. 3. The wastes in the
alimentary canal are reduced to a mini-
mum, as the digestive secretions are
brought into more intimate relations with
all the food to be digested. 4. A greater
aggregate return may with greater cer-
tainty be obtained for the feed consumed."
The last claim of greater return, we do not
dispute; but empirical statement is not
enough. Give us the proof.

The New York State Agricultural Soci-
ety has finally permanently located the an-
nual exhibition upon commodious grounds,
situate just outside the city of Syracuse,
donated by that city at an expense of $30,-
000. These grounds were a part of the
famous Lakeside stock farm of Smiths,
Powell & Lamb, and indeed extend almost
to the barn-yard of the main building of
this well-known establishment. They
are bounded by the four-track New York
Central, the West Shore, and the Delaware
& Lackawanna, three of the greatest trunk
railway lines, and these roads have agreed
to transport exhibits to and from the
grounds, from any point on their lines,
free of charge for the next twenty years.
Syracuse is almost the geographical center
of the State, possesses ample facilities for
caring for large crowds of visitors, and on
the whole seems admirably adapted to meet
the requirements of a permanent home for
this model State exhibition.

The Silo.

A well known farmer in Piscataquis county writes us as follows:

If you are not too much in of business, I would like to have you answer a few questions. 1. Would you advise building a silo, and planting corn or any other crops for ensilage? 2. What kind of corn would you plant and how would you plant it? 3. The best method of building a cheap silo.

1. A silo affords a practicable means of storing and preserving corn fodder in large quantities for use as stock fodder. There is no more question that it does this, than there is that the barn affords safe storage for the hay. It is, too, just as well settled that corn thus preserved affords a palatable and (properly fed) healthy food for stock. Possibly the system may be so perfected as to include various other fodder products grown on our farms, with like advantage, but up to the present time it does not.

Who wants a silo? The man who wants to grow corn on a large scale for stock fodder. There are certain conditions under which this becomes desirable. One is where a farmer is so situated that it is specially desirable to grow a large amount of fodder material on a small area of land. More stock food to the acre can be produced with this crop than with any non-perishable fodder crop known in New England agriculture. The other is where the land farmed is better adapted to the growth of corn than to that of grass. There is more or less of this kind of land scattered through the country, and there the corn crop and the silo are particularly desirable. This recommendation of corn, under these two conditions, is not intended to carry with it the idea that corn, generally speaking, preserved in a silo, would be a lower cost fodder than hay. On good grass lands in our State, intelligently handled, there is no so cheap stock food produced than grass. It is when, for any reason, the farmer wants to go beyond the limitation of the grass crop that the corn crop becomes specially desirable.

There is another claim, empirically set up for ensilage, that may have a measure of force, though its soundness is not fully sustained up to the present time. It is contended by some that the succulent condition of the ensilage gives to it a food value not fully measured by the food nutrients it contains. There is some evidence substantiating this claim, particularly in milk production.

2. There has been a deal of costly experience, through which the present knowledge on this subject has been acquired. While all haven't got beyond their errors, yet the latest knowledge is showing plainly that quality asserts itself in ensilage as in other fodders. For this reason, a strong growing, yellow corn that would ripen a good crop of ears, is the best for the silo. It has been proved beyond question that a crop that fully perfects its growth contains the highest per cent. of food material. The ears of the corn contain a higher per cent. than the stalk, hence it is desirable to develop a heavy growth of ears. Out of the two, ears and stalks, cut at the right stage of ripeness, there is more food to the acre than in the ranker growing southern corn that develops only the stalks.

Plant with horse power, rows three feet, three inches apart, using ten quarts of seed to the acre.

3. Partition off with strong timbers a section of the barn, extending down to the bottom of the cellar. Drain the bottom so that it would not flood it, and floor it tight. Line up on the timbers with double boarding, air tight, and with smooth face, that the fodder may settle evenly. The silo should be deep, rather than broad, in order to secure depth of fodder.

Large or Small?

At one of the *Ploughman* farmers' meetings held in Boston last winter, Mr. Lysander S. Richards of Marshfield, in discouraging on small farms, claimed that "a majority of large farmers were 'land poor,'" and that "too much land tends to tardiness," and a consequent "waste or loss of crop." There has been a great deal of that kind of talk by small farmers, and by those who do their farming on paper, and we squarely take issue with them. Our observation among farmers has not been limited, and we fail to find the situation as such men represent it. Farmers there are who have land that is a burden to them, without doubt, but it is quite as likely to be found in the hands of small farmers as large ones. Neglected lands are unprofitable, but they are not owned alone by the large farmers. Run out lands yield small crops, but they are not chiefly in the large farmers' hands. Labor applied and seed planted out of season for the work, usually fail of bringing satisfactory reward, whether the farm be large or small.

Tardiness and a failure to be in time with work and harvest is in the man, rather than the farm. An active, energetic man, farming on a large scale, by well laid plans, by forethought and by calculation, more than doubles the product of the land in time, as well as he who handles the few acres only. His farming is necessarily different; he does not have his acres of strawberries nor his fields of onions in proportion to the area of his farm, but he has his broad fields of corn and grain, and his extensive areas of grass and pasturage, and well handled they bring as large a profit from the outlay as the suburban farmer realizes with his celery, small fruits and family cow. There are small farmers who are just fitted to the dimensions of their farms, and who are incapable of spreading out and working up a profit from extended operations. They are well fitted to tend a garden, and they keep a small field of cabbage and corn in model condition, but cannot lay out and carry on larger operations profitably. All men, however, are not cast in that mould, and it is unsound teaching to claim, as is so frequently done, that if the large farmer would confine his efforts to but a limited section of his land, he would find the profits more than from the whole. Small farms are for small farmers, but large farmers can and do handle large farms with quite as successful results. There is room for both and work enough, each of its kind, for all to do.

Greely or Bradshaw?

Mr. Editor: Will you please inform me through the columns of the *Farmer*, if the Greely plum is the Bradshaw? Last spring I bought of O. K. Gerrish, Portland, through an agent, what he calls the Greely plum. I planted the tree near a Bradshaw, and the form of the tree and also the shoots so much resemble that variety that I can see no difference. Several farmers in this town have the Greely, incline to the opinion that the Greely and the Bradshaw are the same. Any information you can give will be gratefully received.

East Union. D. B. TITUS.

We are unable to give any authentic information in regard to the above matter. If any of our readers can, we would thank them to furnish it for our columns. A plum under the name of Greely has been propagated and sold for several years. We believe it has been claimed by the propagator that it was found growing in a garden in Portland. The name of the owner of the garden was given to the plum. It has been propagated and sold quite extensively. Whether authorities on this fruit admit the Greely to be a distinct variety, we are unable to state. Our Pomological Society ought to search out the facts in such matters, and give them to the public. The latest fruit lists do not contain this plum.

Bad Milk.

Mr. Editor: We have a nice Jersey cow that seems well in every way, and gives as rich milk as we ever saw; has the best of care, and is kept clean. But there is trouble, which is this: The butter is not firm enough, but the cream is bitter when taken from the milk, when it has stood but 24 hours, or even less. Can any one give us, through the *Farmer*, any light on the subject, and thereby help us out of the trouble?

SUBSCRIBER.

It is difficult to determine the cause of the trouble referred to without a personal inspection. We should first look to the feed for a cause. Possibly either the fodder or the grain feed is imperfect and bad flavored, and would suggest a complete change all around, and to that which is known to be sweet and sound. The next thing is to be sure that the surroundings of the milk are pure and sweet, and free from smoke and all other bad odors. After attention to these matters, will our correspondent please report results? Such matters have a wide interest among our readers.

Making Silt Edged Butter.

In a meeting of a Wisconsin farmers' club, Mr. E. Michener laid down the following rules for making good butter. They are good enough for Maine butter makers, and if any one does not endorse in full the necessity for Guernsey cows, they can suit themselves. First, get a good herd of Guernsey cows.

Second. See that they are well fed with good food and all the pure water they want to drink, and are at all times clean and comfortable.

Third. Have good milkers, and keep milk and cream in a room free from outside odors of every kind.

Fourth. Churn the cream slightly acid after having stood for twelve hours at a temperature of 62 degrees.

Fifth. Wash out the buttermilk thoroughly, with water lightly salted.

Sixth. Do not work any more than is absolutely necessary to get the salt evenly through the butter, and market as soon as possible, in some attractive form.

Seventh. It is easier to make one hundred pounds of good butter per week than ten pounds, as the oftener you churn, the better will be the product, unless you have absolute control of the temperature and other surroundings.

Lastly. A man, for a dairyman, must be up to the times, not hanging back in the traces and saying, "I know it all as well as those other fellows who are continually writing about it," and be willing to learn a little every day if he would succeed, or he will find others outstripping him in the race who were behind him at the start.

Suggestions to Wool Growers.

From the *American Sheep Breeder* we copy a communication from E. F. Bowditch, Framingham, Mass., which, though written for southern wool growers, yet contains many suggestions equally applicable to Maine. Mr. Bowditch is an enthusiastic advocate of sheep for New England farmers:

"Within the last few weeks I have had the pleasure of meeting two southern wool growers, one from Texas and one from South Carolina.

They both came to look at my sheep, and I was thus enabled to talk with them about both mutton and wool in all their different branches. I believe sheep are the owner's best stand-by and almost a gold mine, if properly managed in any part of the country.

In Texas, wool in the dirt brings about 17 cents per pound, and whether mutton at four years old, which is the usual time for marketing, weighing on the hoof only about 90 pounds, brings in the St Louis or Chicago markets only 2c. per pound, if the market is fair, I don't think the mutton is not in active demand, the growers are often obliged to sell for about $1.50 per head, from which price freight and expenses must be deducted.

The question comes up, why cannot the southern breeders breed a style of sheep which has more value for mutton, and at the same time not lessen the value of their wool or their capacity to "rustle."

As I stated above, wool in Texas sells for about 17c. per pound, which means about 19 or 20c. in the eastern markets.

Grade Down wool, or wool of about that class, is in much demand in the Boston market for the last six years about 27c. per pound.

The average weight of the clip of high grade, range-bred Merinos, and our southern-bred grade Downs is very nearly the same.

Selected flocks of pure bred, middle wool mutton sheep, which includes the larger Down breeds and the Horned Dorset, average much more—the former shearing nearly nine pounds and the later about eleven.

So much for wool.

As regards the mutton qualities—a four months old lamb of the above mentioned breeds, weighs more than a four-year-old Merino wether.

The South Carolina planter has a small flock of grade Down ewes, that I formerly owned, which has been doing well there for nearly three years.

He tells me they were turned out to take care of themselves on the mutton rams, and have never been housed, nor have they had an ounce of extra feed during that time. They are to-day a healthy, hardy flock, keep in good condition, breed regularly, and raise a good percentage of lambs.

The question now arises, why should not mutton rams be bred to the grade Merino ewes in the wool growing States.

Our northern experience with grade Merino ewes crossed with the mutton rams, is, that they make a successful cross.

The first season or two it takes seventy days to get a lamb that would dress twenty-two pounds, but after a season or two, in selecting my pure bred rams and profiting by each year's experience, I have been able to kill a twenty-nine days old lamb that dressed twenty-four pounds.

I have also killed a mutton ram lamb to Texas, 122 days old, that weighed 98 pounds, and this without forcing for fat as when feeding for early market.

Why should it not be a possible plan for every flock owner, when purchasing rams for the next breeding season, to buy one or more pure bred, close wooled, mutton rams, and try the cross on fifty to one hundred ewes, and find out the result for himself? The experiment would cost but little, and before the next breeding season, he could see by practical results whether he had better follow up the experiment or not.

I know by experience these mutton sheep will bear close herding if necessary, and are perfectly healthy in flocks of 500."

Jersey Sales.

Breeders of Jersey stock will be interested in the joint sale of Jersey stock by Peter C. Kellogg & Co., the property of Theodore Havemeyer, Jas. Stillman, and the Green Mountain Stock Farm Co., at New York, the 4th of the present month. Seventy-nine head were disposed of.

The Hon. Chas. Kellogg writes to the *Country Gentleman* as follows:

"The joint sale of Jersey cattle on the 4th inst., drew a fair attendance. Cows in milk sold from $70 to $235, the twenty-two head in the sale, making an average of $126.50. Heifers and young bulls sold moderately, but many of them at much more than the price of grades. The 54 head in the sale averaged only $46.11. Nearly all the heifers were bought by farmers, milking for their own use, and many of them thought they could see a profit in holding them to sell as cows. There is, in fact, a very safe and profitable speculation in this direction for persons who have the pasturage and barn room to handle them, because there is no doubt that most of the $30 heifers will in a year make $125 cows, and occasionally a better one will run quite high. There were also sold seven bull calves, but most of them were a trifle older than the buyers would have preferred. There was a good deal of bidding in the family cow interest, but the fancy bulls and fancy cows with good udders are going to uniformly bring better prices in New York, for this purpose, than any other breed, as the extra richness of the milk is very taking with persons owning land, who study their preferences, and the city and suburbs will always make a market. The breeders will of course out-bid this class of trade for extra fine specimens. But the latter is a parasite. Most breeders have a dairy interest to sustain, and it becomes desirable to get rid of the heifers to make room for milkers. Consequently the sales have to large a proportion of heifers. This is going to be the case with the Combination Sale, commencing April 23, and it will no doubt afford an excellent field of speculation for those who love dairying and can carry heifers until they come in. It would seem as though land owners in the vicinity of any wealthy city could sell them as fresh cows on a home market at large profit."

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Right Kind of Breeding.

Why don't you write for the *Farmer*? This is the question that was asked in No. 11 of the *Farmer*. Now what shall we write about? Well, we will try our hand at horse breeding, as horse suits our complexion best, as the girl said of her green dress. The first thing to start with in breeding is a good mare, and if you haven't a good one, now is the time to be looking for one, for you haven't much time to spare, for the breeding season will soon be upon us. A brood mare should be of good size, 15½ hands high, or 16 hands is better. Don't breed a little low, crooked legged, low-headed mare, for that kind of stock don't pay for raising, and in reality they are not worth keeping the first winter. Nor use a long-legged, long-backed, pinch-bellied one that looks like two slabs put together, with both front legs looking as if they had grown out of one hole; for such mares are lacking in constitution. Breed mares that are good style, up-headed, round-bodied, full loins, deep breasted, well ribbed back, arching neck, and a gamey-looking head; don't forget to look at her hair and see if that is fine. And try her skin with your thumb and fingers to know if it is soft and pliable. Fine hair and pliable skin are indications of high spirits and good blood. The eyes must not be forgotten; a bright, clear, full eye is what you must look for.

Pedigree is the next to look for, for the better the breeding is the better her progeny will be. Speed is a good thing for a brood mare to have; the more of it the better. If she can trot as fast as Maud S., it is all the better, as long as she has all the other requisites that are essential in a good brood mare. We can always get slow ones enough, no matter how fast our parent stock is. A young mare is always to be your choice if she can be found. Don't choose a mare because she is sound and has a plenty of vital force, and don't breed a young one if she is a weakly, sickly looking spindle-shank, knock-kneed, skittish, long-legged, low-headed, brainless numbskull. Good colors are important in good horses at the present time, therefore choose some fashionable color, such as black, brown, bay, or some of the different shades of these colors.

By this time we have got our mares all ready for breeding. They are large sized, nice formed, fashionable colored, high-headed, kind out or in harness, big gaited, spirited mares, and have a good and high bred, fashionable family. And best of all, they have plenty of speed. The next thing now to do is to be looking for a stallion to breed to. You think perhaps we are going too fast. Well, we will stop and see what the trouble is. Well, the trouble is just this: We hear some one say, "I don't want to raise a trotter or a gent's driver; I want a first class draft horse, a regular worker." A regular worker? That is just what we like to hear; that sounds like business. Now we will have to find some broad mares to suit this class of men, for they are the ones that want the best. Good brood mares, the right kind to raise draft stock from, are rather a scarce kind of stock in the State of Maine. We have been grading up our stock of draft horses as shown at our Maine fairs, but have failed to see any draft mares shown. We won't say but there have been some there. If so, not a great many, for that kind of mares is not to be found in this State. Any man who owns these draft stallions will tell you that there is no need of going to the expense of getting a Clydesdale or a Percheron stallion to raise a draft horse, for by each year's experience, I have been able to kill a twenty-nine days old lamb that dressed twenty-four pounds.

I have also killed a mutton ram lamb to Texas, 122 days old, that weighed 98 pounds, and this without forcing for fat as when feeding for early market.

Why should it not be a possible plan for every flock owner, when purchasing rams for the next breeding season, to buy one or more pure bred, close wooled, mutton rams, and try the cross on fifty to one hundred ewes, and find out the result for himself? The experiment would cost but little, and before the next breeding season, he could see by practical results whether he had better follow up the experiment or not.

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Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Aoril 25, 1889.

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☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and Oxford counties.

MR. G. T. STOREN of Richmond, is authorized to take subscriptions and collect dues for the *Farmer*.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

MR. W. COLE is now calling upon our subscribers in East Knox.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, recently believed to be at the point of death, is rallying again.

The Somerset Railroad is placing the iron on the line from Embden to Carratunk Falls. The track will be completed in about three weeks.

The people of Orono, at a special town meeting, Tuesday, it was voted to purchase the toll bridge over Stillwater river and make a free bridge of the same.

Fort Fairfield village corporation has closed a contract with the Frontier Water Company for a water supply for twenty years. The vote was unanimous in favor of the system.

One Maine man who soaked a lot of corn in Paris green as a breakfast for the crows only to have it eaten by a neighbor's high-priced hens, is not happy; neither is the neighbor and the hens—well, they'll scratch up no more gardens.

The Rugglies street church quartette of Boston, Miss Alice May Bates, soprano, and Miss Bertha G. Webb, violinist, are the talent engaged for the Commencement concert to be given by the graduating class of the Maine State College, on Wednesday evening, June 26th. With these artists an enjoyable concert is assured.

The cigarette is getting in its deadly work; you meet boys on the streets every day from whose faces the last spark of intelligence seems to have died out, puffing away at a cigarette. Willie F. Welch of Rockland, aged 12 years, died Tuesday, of immoderate cigarette smoking, affecting the brain and nerves, causing death. For two years he averaged a dozen daily.

The grand procession at New York on the last day of May, will number one hundred thousand paraders, to say nothing of innumerable trucks, floats, workshops on wheels and other moving exhibits. The line of march is only about five miles in length, and such a procession as that would be as long as the entire route. If there were room for them to march anywhere, it would take about twenty hours for such a long drawn out parade to pass a given point.

The sophomores of the State College, to compete for the Prentiss prize for declamation at next commencement, have been appointed and are as follows: William M. Bailey, Skowhegan; Edmund Clark, Bethel; Wallace R. Farrington, Cape Elizabeth; Cyrus Hamlin, Bangor; Jacob F. Hersey, Patten; Hongo G. Menges, Bangor; True L. Merrill, Orono; Warren R. Page, Hampden; Henry V. Starrett, Warren; Charles N. Taylor, Hampden; Alden P. Webster and George E. Thompson, Orono.

Considerable steam is being gotten up towards the building of a narrow guage railroad from Phillips to Rangeley, and it seems almost certain that in the near future the whistle of the locomotive will resound through what is now the wilderness of north Franklin, and the fishermen will ride by rail literally into the heart of the great fishing and hunting region. A meeting of the corporators was held in Phillips, last week, a board of directors chosen and authorized to employ an engineer to survey the most feasible route for the road. The work will proceed as soon as the ground is dry enough.

An esteemed subscriber, Mr. John Harriman of Brooklin, in transmitting his annual subscription, writes these cheering words: "I have been a subscriber ever since '55, and I expect to remain one as long as I take a newspaper, as it is a great deal of company. I don't see how we could get along without it, as we live over a mile from a neighbor and three and one half miles from the post office. I was glad to see that a bounty had been placed on crows, as they really are a pest to the farmers; besides, it seems too bad to raise chickens for crows to feed upon. I hope they will be thinned out."

We are glad to have so many testimonials in regard to the *Farmer* as an educator. A correspondent writes: "I have heard some of the best farmers and intelligent people say they have taken the *Farmer* for half a century, and have prospered with it. No matter if people take half a dozen other papers; the *Farmer* pays as an educator, always pays. I heard one gentleman say that a single copy of the paper has saved him fifty dollars, another that one copy saved him one hundred dollars, in informing him of certain changes in matters. Quite a number subscribe for two copies—one for themselves, and another for distant friends."

Our old friend and subscriber, Mr. B. M Bicknell of Minneapolis, formerly of Vassalboro, writes us pleasantly concerning his experience while on a Kennebec farm, and how well he succeeded. He adds: "The farm was productive, and I had three cows, and sold butter at 50 cents a pound, and beans at $4 a bushel. Everything that farmers had to sell was a bonanza, bringing a good price. I have done my part in life, being now 79 years old. I never remember losing an hour on account of ill health whilst at work. That is saying a good deal. Never have taken anything into my stomach that nature did not require. Not a glass of liquor did I ever drink; not a particle of tobacco ever entered my mouth, with but one exception, and then I was deceived."

The rain-fall of a country is perhaps the most important element of the climate in its relation to material interests because that one upon which all others depend is agriculture, may be said to flourish within certain limits, directly in proportion to the amount of rain-fall. Therefore, in seeking a location, farmers should give especial attention to this point. In the United States the rain-fall differs greatly in frequency and volume in different parts. Over the eastern half it is amply sufficient for all needs of agriculture. The eastern half, however, with the exception of a narrow strip near the Pacific coast, has an insufficient supply, so much so that everywhere, except in certain limited localities where the local topography produces occasional rains, irrigation is necessary for the production of crops with any degree of certainty. This is an important matter to farmers seeking locations in the West, and points to Maine as the best place.

Henry Labouchere telegraphs to the *World* from London: "I hear from a reliable correspondent at Vienna, that the Empress of Austria has become quite insane. She is in a state of acute melancholia, with strong suicidal symptoms, and very troublesome delusions, so it is necessary to watch her closely, night and day. The most alarming symptom in the Empress' condition, is a fixed idea that her death would be of benefit to the Emperor, who would thereby be placed in a position to marry again and might have another son. The Emperor will not visit Berlin this year, in spite of semi-official announcements on the subject. He is exceedingly unwell and quite unequal to the round of court festivities. The Emperor's zealous interest in public affairs has greatly relaxed since the Crown Prince's death, and now he neither works hard nor interferes with the ministers who are all squabbling among themselves."

A New Bridge Across the Kennebec.

The serious attention of the people and tax-payers of Augusta has been called the past week, through the public prints, to the question whether several thousand dollars shall be laid out in repairs on the old wooden bridge, spanning the Kennebec at this point, or whether a new iron structure shall take its place. The matter was first brought to the attention of the people by a timely letter from Mr. J. H. Manley, followed by endorsing communications from Mayor Lane and Mr. F. E. Southard.

It is plainly evident that the present structure, grand in its original conception, filling an important place in local history, has about outlived its usefulness, and must pass away among the things that were. The present bridge was built in 1837, under the personal supervision and management of the late Hon. Reuel Williams, than whom Augusta never had a more devoted friend. According to North's History, most of the timber of which it was constructed "was standing in the forest on the fifth day of June, yet the bridge was made passable for foot passengers on the third of August, and for carriages on the eighteenth of said month, one hundred and thirty-eight days from the day on which it was destroyed, and seventy-four days from the time when most of the timber was standing in the woods." No one can deny but that this bridge has stood for more than sixty years, "an enduring monument of faithful workmanship." On the first day of July, 1867, twenty-two years ago, this bridge was made a free bridge, and since that time it has been maintained by the city as a public highway. It is useless to deny that under the care and management of the city, the bridge has not had that care and attention that it did when it was owned and cared for by a private corporation. The travel across it has increased yearly, and time has had its effect upon the structure. The old bridge has served its purpose well. It has nobly escaped fire and flood, that have at different times threatened to sweep it from its foundations. All must notice that if this worn-out structure is to be maintained, several thousand dollars must be laid out upon it at once. One-half the roof needs re-shingling; the old timbers need strengthening or the substitution of new; the planking in many cases is worn through, and there must be new work. And after all this is done, we still have the old bridge with its horrible smells and covered way. It will cost the same for insurance, $375 yearly; it will cost $200 a year to light it, $300 a year to care for it, $1000 a year to keep it in repair. An open iron bridge would cost nothing for insurance or supervision, all the repairs would be embraced in giving it a coat of paint once in five years. Isn't it true economy to build such a structure, rather than expend a large sum on the present one, and undertake to keep it in good repair and safe the years to come? It may be asked, how shall the money be raised? the city debt having already reached the constitutional limit. There are several ways in which this could be done at once, so that the bridge could be put up immediately, and the people enjoy its privileges and advantages before snow flies. One plan suggested is this: Suppose the new bridge will cost $25,000. A company of citizens could organize with a capital stock equal to that amount, which divided into 250 shares of $100 each, shall be exempt from taxation. The city leases the bridge, agreeing to pay the owners (the bridge company) a yearly rental therefor, which shall amount to the interest (a low rate) on the capital stock, and also buys yearly, say ten shares of the stock, amounting to $1000, (the right to buy which is reserved to the city) designating the numbers of the shares so to be bought by lot. Thus in twenty-five years the city would become the sole owner of the bridge, and this without any perceptible increase of taxation. The Mayor is satisfied that on the present valuation, $5000 a year can be paid, with a tax of one mill per cent. No one would feel this, and in five years it would be paid for. As a means of uniting the two sections, the value would be beyond computation, cementing them together as by an open highway, and adding the first year to the value of the property in the immediate vicinity, thrice the cost of the bridge. Let us have the new bridge at once, and not postpone all our blessings until we are too old to enjoy them. Other communities than ours would share in the blessing, and the whole people would gladly give their approval. Good-bye, old bridge; you have served us faithfully, but—good-bye.

NO. The people of Massachusetts, by a majority of nearly forty-five thousand, voted on Monday, in opposition to the constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors. When we consider the almost superhuman efforts of the liquor dealers, with their many allies, only the most sanguine of its advocates believed that it would win at the polls, although the friends of the measure did not expect to be so badly beaten. We give the vote of the cities, as follows:

	YES.	NO.
Worcester	1,745	7,837
Springfield	1,733	3,602
Holyoke	736	1,726
Lawrence	1,170	4,676
Lynn	3,261	8,149
Fitchburg	1,309	2,997
Brockton	1,229	1,428
Quincy	491	1,069
Haverhill	913	1,673
Taunton	1,136	1,410
New Bedford	1,901	3,470
Newburyport	408	955
Waltham	719	1,119
Gloucester	941	1,142
Malden	1,000	1,316
Boston	21,000	31,000
Woburn	1,007	1,479
Somerville	2,813	3,000

Somerville is the only city in the State in which a majority for the amendment was given. It is a significant fact that towns whose previous vote has been largely in favor of prohibition, failed Monday to indorse the constitutional amendment, greatly to the surprise of the friends of the measure, but in verification of predictions made by the other side.

The recapitulation of the entire State is: Total "yes," 85,149; total "no," 132,569. Majority against the amendment, 44,424.

The friends of constitutional prohibition have made a strong fight, and aroused the moral sense of the people of the mother State to a degree never before realized. They are temporarily defeated, but are not cast down or dismayed. The leaders may have been in advance of the cause; but the principle of prohibition is right, and the people will in time come squarely up to it. And when that time comes, the spectacle of Monday will not be repeated, when men of high position and Doctors of Divinity joined their influence with the keepers of the lowest saloons and grog shops in voting "No." The rumsellers expended money with a lavish hand; the liquor dealers, the distillers and the high license advocates all used every endeavor to defeat the amendment, and success has crowned their efforts. Let the temperance people of the good State pick their flints and try it again.

All Safe! Indeed it was happy news

that reached this country on Sunday, of the safety of all the passengers and crew of the steamer Danmark, with the exception of the engineer, who died at his post of duty. They were rescued by the officers and crew of the steamship Missouri, who threw overboard a valuable part of their cargo to make room for them and bring them safe to land. The Missouri with 365 people from the wrecked Danmark, arrived at Philadelphia, Monday evening. All but three or four on board were in good health, the rescued passengers looking hardy and bright. Capt. Hamilton Murrell, the noble commander of the Missouri, said that they sighted the steamer Danmark, flying a signal of distress, Apr. 5th. They bore down on the steamer, and found her disabled, Capt. Knudsen, her commander, reporting that the shaft was broken. The vessel was taken in tow, heading Northwest for St. Johns, N. F. The wind blew with tremendous force all night. In the morning that route was abandoned, and they determined to make for St. Michaelis, one of the Azores Islands. At 7 A. M. the Danmark signalled, "We are leaking considerably. There are now three feet of water in the aft hold, and gaining rapidly." Capt. Murrell asked what he should do, and the signal came, "Keep on towing." At 9.20 A. M. the Danmark again signalled: "The Danmark is sinking. We must abandon the ship. Will you take the passengers?" Without a moment's hesitation, Capt. M. signalled back, "Yes, I will take all on board, and do the best I can." The life boats were launched; the women and children were transferred first, and after them the male passengers and crew, the officers remaining on board the Danmark to the very last. Some provisions were obtained from the abandoned vessel. The Missouri had on board in addition to her own crew of 45 men and four passengers, 265 cabin and steerage passengers, and 60 officers and crew of the ill-fated steamer. After they had taken everybody from the Danmark, they pulled the plugs out of the bottoms of that vessel's boats which he had no control, left them to sink to the bottom of the Atlantic. Their last view of the Danmark showed that vessel rapidly going down, her stern being almost even with the sea, and the water flushing over her. They had only enough food to last three days, and they decided to make all possible haste to reach Port St. Michaels, 720 miles away. A tremendous sea was running, continually breaking over the vessel, and things looked dubious. They arrived at St. Michaels on the 10th of April. On the next day they landed 370 passengers and the crew of the Danmark, including Capt. Knudsen. In dividing up the load, they kept on board the Missouri the families, endeavoring as far as possible to leave the single men and those not having children at St. Michaels. In the afternoon of the same day, they sailed from there with 365 people from the Danmark, including eight of the crew of that vessel who were allowed to go with them. They had fine weather all the way to Philadelphia.

Capt. Murrell of the Missouri, who is but 28 years old, is being lionized at Philadelphia, on account of his noble conduct in this affair. As the steamer came up in the river with open arms and extend whistles of all kinds, and just before reaching the pier a florist's agent boarded the ship and presented Capt. Murrell, on behalf of several prominent down-town offices and places, with a handsome floral ship, the hull and rigging being composed of pink roses on a sea of evergreen, and trimmed with silvered sails. The final leave taking between Capt. Murrell and the passengers of the Danmark was affecting. As the passengers left the steamer, they were conducted to an immense table in the Red Star dining room, where they were all given a good things, and were provided with accommodations. Little is known about the death of Engineer Kaas of the Danmark. The most plausible and most generally believed theory is that he, after vainly working found the shaft broken, and with every revolution tearing a larger hole in the Danmark's bottom, he made an effort to turn off the steam in order to stop the machinery, thinking that it might forget Tuesday, or a moment of excitement, or becoming bewildered, he caused the accident which cost him his life. Whether the explosion of a steam pipe, or the fast revolving broken shaft is responsible for it, will probably never be known. Many stories are told by the shipwrecked passengers, all of one tenor, and full of praise for the coolness, bravery, and kindness of their own and the Missouri's officers.

THE IMPORTATION OF POTASH SALTS FOR FERTILIZING PURPOSES. Secretary Rusk is engaged in the investigation of the importation of potash salts for fertilizing purpose. Potash salts constitute a most important fertilizing material, and under the rules of the Treasury department all substances which are used for fertilizing purposes can be imported free of duty. The treasury officials, however, discovered that potash salts, of a high degree of purity, were imported by certain parties ostensibly for fertilizing purposes, but were used for the manufacture of chemicals. Accordingly the Secretary of the treasury made a decision in 1870 that any so-called manure salts or fertilizers which contain over 30 per cent. of free potash would be subject to duty. This ruling has been a source of hardship to farmers in this country on account or the consequent increase in value of Sassfurt salts, a natural source of potash. The attention of the Secretary of agriculture being called to this fact, he made inquiry of the treasury officials and found that the decision referred to was made entirely to prevent fraud in the importation.

The Secretary of the treasury informed Secretary Rusk that he would be glad to consider any recommendations the latter would make to him in behalf of the farmers of the country, looking to the importation of such salts free of duty, providing the treasury could be assured that they would be used for fertilizing purposes. Secretary Rusk has accordingly suggested to the treasury department that it would be of the greatest benefit to the farmers of the country if the rulings of the treasury department could be so modified that these high grade potash salts may be admitted free to this country and used for the manufacture of fertilizers, the treasury department instituting proper regulations to secure their use for that purpose. Secretary Rusk suggests that it would probably be necessary for the manufacturers of fertilizers to give bond to the treasury that the potash salts imported should be used exclusively for manure purposes. It is believed that if these suggestions can be adopted it will prove of inestimable benefit to the farming interests, through much cheaper fertilizers.

APPOINTMENTS. The President has made the following appointments:

Robert P. Porter of New York, to be superintendent of the census.

J. W. Cunningham, to be assayer in the United States assay office, Boise City, Idaho.

William H. Calkins of Washington Territory, to be associate justice of the supreme court of the Territory of Washington.

Frank Baker of Louisiana, to be marshal of the United States, eastern district of Louisiana.

Edward S. Lacey of Michigan, comptroller of the currency.

Timothy Guy Phelps, collector of customs at San Francisco.

John H. Cozzens of Rhode Island, collector of customs in the district of Newport.

Hugh McCulloch of New York, assistant appraiser of merchandise in the district of New York.

Marshall W. Conger of New York, appraiser of merchandise in the district of New York.

Robert P. Porter, the new superintendent of the census, is an Englishman by birth, but has lived in this country for many years, and is a honored citizen. He is about 45 years old, and was one of the chief assistants of Prof. Francis A. Walker, superintendent of the census of 1880. He has been especially known over the country as secretary of the tariff commission in conjunction with ex-Postmaster General Hatton, Congressman West, and others, he established the *New York Press*, of which he is now the editor.

Our correspondent writes us from New Brunswick: C. P. Bull of North Hampton, cut last year 100 tons of hay, and raised 1000 bushels of grain; keeps 20 head of horned cattle, 3 horses and 1000 chickadale colt, two years and nine months old, weighing about 1300 lbs.; one yearling colt sired by Egmont, he by Bloodmont, dam a thoroughbred mare, half Messenger and half Fearnaught. He has a thoroughbred Jersey bull; cattle are mostly grade Jerseys and grade Ayrshire.

Mrs. Bull has a fine collection of plants that have been blooming all winter—calla lily, geraniums, petunias, cactus, red and white roses, verbenas, pink and white, oxalis, orthosa, and mignonette.

Henry Moore, near Benton, raised 1000 bushels of grain last year.

T. Griffin, Jr., of So. Richmond, has a pair of Hambletonian colts that are nice drivers. They are five years old and weigh 1000 lbs. each. He offers them for sale.

A colored woman, Phœbe Collins, who lives in New York, was baptized Sunday, at the Mt. Moriah Baptist church, at the age of 120. She is almost blind, and can walk about a little over the floor. She says that she can remember well the day when George Washington was inaugurated in 1789.

The store, residence and out buildings of B. G. Dearborn of Topsfield, were burned last week. The loss is probably from $3000 to $8000.

The Cause and Prevention of Crime.

Mr. Editor: First, isn't crime the natural outgrowth of the present state of society? and will it not continue to be so, as long as the low and vicious (as a rule, with few exceptions) raise large families, while the better portion of the community have few children? It is a law of nature, which holds good, (with very few exceptions) not only with the human race, but with everything that lives, or grows from the ground, that everything will produce after its own sort. Admit this fact, and what else can we expect? What would you think of a farmer who would breed from his poorest stock? And this reasoning suggests the idea that there should be some way for society to reform itself, so that there would be less criminals to reform. Perhaps our legislators might make a law that a conviction of crime, or term of imprisonment, shall divorce all married persons, and forever prohibit any convict from marrying. I think this would be a step in the right direction, and if it was carried out for fifty years the rising generation would be an improvement on their ancestors. But with the present order of things, society is as much to be blamed as the criminal. The poor creature is unfortunately born. His parentage, his organization and training are all against him. He had no choice in the matter, and so far as society is concerned his life is only the instrument to carry out the programme which they have fitted him for. Nor is this all. His low origin is so much against him that he is thought no more of before he commits crime than after, because society expects nothing better of him. While he is innocent no respectable man or woman takes him by the hand and makes an honest effort to lead him in the right path. No clergyman worries about his soul, or shows an interest in his welfare; but as soon as he arrives at the end for which he was born and trained, and reaches the goal for which his unfortunate birth and organization have so well fitted him, then, and not before, he becomes the object of Christian solicitude. I often think that circumstances which lead to my conviction, in the sense in which he was not consulted, his organization, the only one that God and nature gave him, and the influence and example of others that he had no voice in selecting, have done much towards making him what he is; and the reason I am not in his place is because I am more highly favored in these particulars. And while many of the penitentiary prisoners are pretty well filled with her own citizens. And here I will leave the subject, and express the hope that some wiser head will institute some efficient method of reform.

While we tread life's tollsome journey,
And our hearts are full of care,
Let us ease somebody's burden,
And his sorrows gladly share.

When we see our brother faltering,
And his pathway full of snares,
May we always kindly greet him,
With a heart that's full of cheer.

Sidney. HENRY R. SMILEY.

ACCUSED OF MURDERING A SAILOR. United States deputy marshals are looking for Capt. E. R. Wells, first mate F. Ryan, and second mate J. W. Robbins of ship Solitaire, which arrived at Philadelphia, from other ports. The warrants were issued by United States Commissioner Long, charging them with cruelty including the murder of one seaman by being knocked from the fore upper topsail yard by the second mate on the deck, killing him instantly, continued brutality and overwork from the time the ship sailed from Dunkirk, 64 days ago, until her arrival in the Delaware river. The crew was reduced from 25 to 17 men, who fired volley after volley to celebrate their final victory. The Kiowa of the southwest and the Cherokee and Creek nations on the east also furnished their contingent of boomers. Upon the northern line the boomers' wagons seemed to be less than a hundred feet apart, and the whole line extended east and west from the railroad track as far as the eye could see.

At the starting signal they moved all together, as if propelled by a common force. The big draught horses, lashed by merciless drivers, sprang ahead, and the lumbering wagons rolled over the green turf at a speed that would have done credit to roadsters. Across the line they went all together, great sods of several square feet were thrown up in the air. Guns were discharged, at first irregular intervals, and then volleys, that sent the horses prancing ahead faster than before. There was no halting, no hesitation. The wagons continued on over their well green plain until they were about half way across the northern tier of claims, and then upwards of a hundred of them were brought to a standstill. The others rolled on to the lower tiers. Men, women and children poured from the stationary schooners, and in an incredibly short time the foundation for the pioneer homes of Oklahoma had been laid by willing hands. Every farm had more than one claimant. Some had two and three, and others as many as ten. They are all ready to swear that they crossed the borders first, and that theirs were the first improvements. So it is all over the territory, and especially on the sections adjoining Guthrie and Oklahoma City. The land officers will have many difficulties to decide before the week is over. Cow-boys joined in the scramble, and there were some curious outfits, among them a wagon which passed through Oklahoma City, bearing the following words on a canvas cover:

Chints-Buged in Illinois, Stelened in Newbraska,
White-Capped in Indiana, Bald-Knobbed in Missouri, Prohibited in Kansas,
OKLAHOMY OR BUST.

BIG FIRE IN NEW YORK CITY. The biggest and fiercest fire that New Yorkers have witnessed in this generation, swept the east bank of North River clear, Friday, from the Battery to Jackson street, and from street if the street ran to the river there. The fire started on the ground floor of Fairbanks' lard refinery. The building was 200 feet square, stretching from 59th to 60th streets. The origin of the fire is not known, but it seems to have originated at a spot where some workmen were putting in a new lard cooling apparatus. The 150 employés found their escape cut off, and most of them had to jump from the windows. The excitement was very great, and the police with difficulty kept back the crowds of women, many of whom had relatives in the building. Chief Bonner obtained the Rossiter stores. The blaze was a most imposing spectacle, and attracted the attention of the people of Jersey City, and all the ferry boats were thronged with passengers on the ferry boats crossing the river for miles up and down. The six-story structure was soon destroyed. The efforts of the firemen to save the two grain elevators adjoining, belonging to the New York Central Railroad Company were fruitless, and these great structures were soon ablaze. The sheds of the stock yards caught fire and burned, and the conflagration spread rapidly northward. When the walls of the factory fell, the immense quantity of goods packed in the Rossiter stores fell into 60th street, blocking the other streets, preventing the firemen from doing further work through that channel. Never was there a fire in that city before at which the work of the fire department was conducted so well. It was impossible to make any headway against such odds. Streams thrown from the land and river seemed ridiculous. The elevators were each about 325 feet by 125 broad, and had a capacity of over a million bushels apiece, but were almost empty. Elevator A contained about 100,000 bushels of oats; elevator B 75 or 80 thousand bushels of barley, making the total value of contents not over $100,000. The buildings cost respectively $750,000 and $600,000 when built thirteen years ago, a large part of the cost being for foundation, which probably now is entirely ruined. The New York Central Railroad Company owned the factory building in which the fire originated and leased it to Fairbanks. It is about $100,000. Loss on contents not accurately known. Fairbanks' loss is estimated at $300,000. Rossiter & Co's. customers, comprising a large number of merchants, $250,000. The owners of the goods will probably fully be insured. Rossiter & Co. lose but little. Fairbanks is said to be fully insured. The Railroad Company kept their property well covered. At 10.30 the flames had swept along the sheds to 66th street, it stopped for want of material to feed upon. The fire lasted from about three until nine, and was witnessed by thousands. The loss estimates place the loss far above $2,000,000, and some as high as $4,000,000. The police estimate the loss at far above $3,500,000. Chauncey M. Depew thinks the New York Central will be about $2,000,000, with little insurance. The operations of the road will probably not be interfered with. Several firemen lost their lives.

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING. The family of C. H. Perkins, living in Jackson township, Ohio, had a most remarkable experience during a thunder storm which passed over that section Monday. A bolt of lightning struck the house, tearing away the tin roof, with the cornice and a part of the weather boarding. It then passed down the chimney to the basement, which is used as a kitchen. Here it knocked wash stands, tables and chairs into a heap, and threw a dog which was asleep on the floor so violently against the stone wall of the apartment that it was instantly killed. The servant girl, who was standing by the stove, was stunned and shocked so severely that she will hardly recover. The little still was Mrs. Perkins and a babe, who were also in the room, escaped without injury. In front of the house was a hired man with a team of horses, and he was thrown violently from the wagon and severely injuring him. The frightened animals in their flight demolished the vehicle and seriously injured themselves. A heavy rain was out in the garden when the bolt struck the house. The spade which he had in his hand was knocked some distance away, and he was so severely stunned that he did not recover consciousness for some hours. The rain poured in through the overturned stove, but the heavy rain extinguished the flames before much damage was done.

NEW HARBOR ITEMS. People are doing considerable planting and sowing at present. Work has commenced on Meserve & Thompson's canning factory. We understand that the canning factory of Messrs. L. Pickert & Co. will open in a few days.

ALAN THORPE. By Martha Livingston Moodey. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.25.

After a surfeit of theological novels by female novelists, it is refreshing to note the appearance of one—also by a woman—that stardily defends the old faith. Martha Livingston Moodey has given us such a one in "Alan Thorpe." Its conception is decidedly bold and original, and has been skilfully and ingeniously carried out.

Parents and teachers who have been looking anxiously for some book to put into the hands of the young people as an antidote to "Robert Elsmere," will rejoice at the publication of this work.

Grange News and Notes.

—The annual meeting for the election of officers of the Washington County Pomona Grange, No. 16, was held at Commercial Hall, West Pembroke, April 6th. Grange was opened in 5th degree, at 10 A. M., with the following officers present: Master, John N. Young of Calais; Overseer, N. E. Brown of Pembroke; Lecturer, Cyrus L. Bridges, Charlotte; Secretary, Geo. W. Allan, Dennysville; Steward, Lucas W. Gardner; Assistant Steward, Freemont J. Sprague; Chapiain, Enoch Fisher; Treasurer, A. S. Farnsworth; Gate Keeper, Thomas McCarlie; Pomona, Mrs. Sadie E. Fisher; Flora, Mrs. M. J. Allen; Ceres, Mrs. H. F. Sprague; Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. E. R. Farnsworth. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Master, J. N. Young, Calais; Overseer, N. E. Brown, Pembroke; Lecturer, Wm. G. Harriman, Meddybemps; Steward, L. W. Gardner, Charlotte; Assistant Steward, F. J. Sprague, Charlotte; Chapiain, E. Fisher, Charlotte; Treasurer, A. S. Farnsworth, Pembroke; Secretary, C. L. Bridges, Charlotte; Pomona, Mrs. E. R. Farnsworth, Pembroke; Flora, Mrs. A. A. Reynolds, Pembroke; Ceres, Mrs. H. F. Sprague, Charlotte; Lady Assistant Steward, Lizzie Damon, Charlotte. At 12 noon a basket dinner was served in the hall by the ladies of the Grange, after which the Grange went in session, and the officers elect were installed by County Deputy Geo. W. Allen of Dennysville. Applications for membership were received, and it was voted that the next meeting of Pomona be held in Grange hall, Charlotte, Saturday, May 11th. Our Charlotte Grange is in a prosperous condition, both financially and numerically, and its members are composed of the best and most influential citizens in town. It owns a well finished and furnished hall, a good library, and has a fund in the treasury which it generously uses for charitable purposes among its members and the fraternity generally, as is shown by the fact that when Past Master Caldwell of the Princeton Grange, lost his residence by fire, this spring, the Charlotte Grange, at a regular session, voted $25 from its treasury for Bro. Caldwell's benefit. C. L. B.

—The next meeting of Androscoggin Pomona Grange will be held with Excelsior Grange, Poland, on Wednesday, May 1st, at 10 A. M. Address of welcome by Sister E. C. Doten. Response by Bro. Luther Perkins. Entertainment by Lake Grange, West Poland. Afternoon—Conferring the 5th degree. Question: "The best season to sow grass seed, and the best varieties to sow." Discussion to be opened by Bros. B. F. Cobb and J. L. Martin.

H. H. LIBBY, *Sec'y.*

—Saco Grange has added seventeen new members the last quarter. Good attendance and interesting meetings.

—Saco and Biddeford Granges held a union meeting in Saco Grange hall on Saturday evening, April 13th, open to the public. Literary exercises consisting of music and E. S. Morris. Question: "The best locality for farmers, the East or the West." Interesting and instructive.

—Princeton Grange has been having a literary contest between the ladies and the gentlemen, the latter the entire evening running the Grange and furnishing the entertainment for the evening. The gentlemen were beaten, and in payment of the wager furnished a treat of apples and oranges. Three new members were initiated in the mysteries of the first and second degrees at our last meeting, and there is a prospect of more in the near future

Items of Maine News.

We are sorry to say that diphtheria is still prevailing at Richmond.

Charles A. Boston's dwelling house and its contents at Canaan, were burned Sunday. Loss $1000; insurance $300.

Good reports reach us daily of splendid work at the fishing pools in Bangor, salmon all the way from 10 to 26½ lbs. being taken.

Arthur Sawyer of Charlestown, Mass., second mate of the brig Eugene Hale of Calais, Me., was drowned Feb. 25, in Surinam river.

T. S. Howard of Presque Isle, is the owner of four sheep that gave birth, last week, to ten lambs, nine of them being well and smart.

The ice in the Aroostook went out Thursday, April 11th, being sixteen days earlier than last season, when it started down on Thursday, April 27th.

Clinton Smith of Baileyville, 16 years old, while chasing a squirrel in Calais, Thursday, fell from a tree and struck a fence. He died Friday morning.

A cow belonging to J. H. Stover, Harpswell, died Thursday, with symptoms of poisoning. Mr. Stover also has another cow sick with similar symptoms.

Edward W. Chase, son of Mr. Albro E. Chase, principal of the Portland high school, met with an accident Saturday, sustaining a compound fracture of the left arm.

By a premature explosion in the quarry of Goss & Small, at Green's Landing, on Monday, Timothy Finn of Surry was terribly injured in the head. It is supposed he will lose both eyes.

The case of the state vs. Chandler A. Collins, on an indictment for manslaughter, which resulted in the death of Charles A. Ingalls, growing out of an affray at Bar Harbor, on the night of the 4th of March last, is on trial at Ellsworth.

E. W. Hall of Presque Isle, the photographer, met with a bad accident the other afternoon. He went to the hay-loft to get some hay for his horse and stepping into a hole in the flooring, was thrown violently against the side of the barn, sustaining a bad dislocation of his left shoulder.

In working the new limerock quarry at Warren, a vein of soapstone of excellent quality has been discovered, and specimens sent to Prof. Sharpless, State assayer of Massachusetts, for analysis. The quality is such that it will probably find a ready market, and so a new industry is opened to the town.

George Black of Gray, has been arrested on a charge made by Abel Black, his father, of mixing Paris green in a jug of cider from which the father was in the habit of drinking. Mr. Black was seriously ill from partaking of the poisoned cider, but the poison acted as an emetic, which probably saved his life.

The stand at Oxford known as the Webber place, caught fire Saturday night, and the house was burned to the ground. Frank Young and family occupied the place, and barely got out with a few articles of household stuff. They were all asleep, and were awakened by the roar of the flames. The origin of the fire is unknown.

George Seward will drive the birch for the shank factory at North Anson, again this spring. There is 600 cords of birch and 1,000 cords of other lumber to be taken down the pond and down the stream to the village. He puts from 50 to 100 cords into a raft, and when the wind is favorable tows it down to the dam, a distance of 4¼ miles.

One of the best sets of farm buildings in Hartford, owned by Solomon Stetson & Son, was totally destroyed by fire Monday, together with household furniture, hay, grain and farming utensils. The loss is from five to six thousand dollars; insured in the Oxford County Grange Society for two thousand dollars. The cause of the fire was sparks from a burning chimney, which ignited the roof.

It is stated that the Commercial Union Telegraph Company will within 30 days begin operations on its double line through the State of Maine, which will reach all the coast and interior cities, one line ending at Bar Harbor and the other at Mattawamkeag, where a junction with the Canadian Pacific is made, and the provinces reached by a short and quick route.

Monday, Otto Falke of New York, started in a rowboat journey from Bangor to New Orleans. The boat is 15 feet long, and well fitted up, and a good quantity of provisions laid in. He will make a few stops on the way, and thinks that with sailing and rowing he can make the voyage in a few weeks. It is said that he is a wealthy German, and his trip is a result of a heavy wager.

Portland's great sugar refinery, the Forest City, under the control of the sugar trust, and which has been closed under the operations of that monopoly for a year or more, is to start up this week, employing a force of seventy-five. Its machinery will convert about four hundred barrels of raw sugar into the finest grade of refined sugars, and the enterprise is one of great importance to Portland.

Brigadier General Mitchell of Bangor, has made the following appointments on the staff of the first brigade, M. V. M.: Dr. F. C. Thayer, Waterville, surgeon of the second regiment, promoted to medical director of the first; Capt. Edward E. Newcomb, Frontier Guards, Eastport, promoted to inspector of rifle practice, first brigade, with the rank of major.

Durham is preparing for a great time next August, when it will celebrate its centennial anniversary. The committee of arrangements is made up of Messrs. Charles W. Harding, William H. Thomas and Joseph H. Williams, and these gentlemen intend to make the occasion a great success. It is hoped to secure the attendance of Hon. Thomas B. Reed and Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., who are both of Durham stock.

Two boys, sons of Eben Brown of North Haven, were out sailing Sunday afternoon, when the boat was struck by a puff of wind, and capsized and sunk. The boys were near their home, and attracted their mother's attention by their cries for help, but she was unable to aid them, as no boat was at hand. The boys were 12 and 14 years of age. The elder swam nearly to the shore, and sank before his mother's eyes.

The stockholders in the new Brunswick shoe factory, met last week, and elected H. A. Randall president of the corporation, and Geo. D. Parks, clerk. The board of directors chosen was H. A. Randall, A. V. Metcalf, Wm. M. Pennell, Mr. Frye and J. H. Winslow, and the capital stock fixed at $50,000. A building will be immediately erected on Union street, near the depot. Mr. Frye of Brockton, Mass., who will manage the factory, is a practical shoe manufacturer of considerable experience, and there is every prospect of a successful and profitable future for the company.

A large moose passed through Atkinson on the other morning. Mr. John Farnham first saw him coming from the woods towards the house of A. Smith. Mr. F. went into the house and invited the women to come out, as there was a show coming. When the moose got near the house he was kind enough to stop and be interviewed. He raised his head in a very stately and dignified manner as much as to say, "Look at me—you will never see me again," and then started for the woods in West Orneville. The highest fences did not slacken his speed. As one said, "We shall never look upon his like again."

The explosion of a lamp, Friday evening, caused a fire in a large stable connected with Buzzell's Hotel Exchange, Houlton. In seven minutes from the time of the alarm was given, eight streams were pouring torrents upon the flames. Notwithstanding the fact that the stable was located near the Hotel Pioneer building on Court street, and a long line of business blocks are on the north side of Main street, the fire was confined to the stable, even the long, wooden house attached to the hotel and stable being saved. The firemen worked like heroes and the water works worked admirably. All is insured.

General Hannibal Belcher died in Farmington, Monday, aged nearly 71. He was the oldest member of the Franklin bar, having been admitted in 1839. He practiced law many years with his father, Abram Belcher. In 1841 he was appointed a member of Gov. Kent's staff. In 1855 the legislature elected him major general of the eighth division of the Maine militia. He was assessor of internal revenue from 1862 to 1869, and a member of Gov. Lot M. Morrill's council in 1860. He was highly respected by his townsmen. He leaves a widow and six children. He had been in poor health and unable to attend to any business for several years.

Maine postmasters appointed: Charles F. Curtis, East Auburn, vice D. T. Whitman, resigned; Noah Jewett, Kent's Hill, vice S. McNear, removed; Chas. A. Metcalf, Lisbon Falls, vice M. True, removed; Mrs. S. A. Norton, Troy, vice G. M. Knowles, removed; G. M. Twombly, East Exeter, vice P. L. Abbes, removed; E. N. Berry, East Livermore Falls, vice E. M. Folsom, resigned; D. D. Carroll, Fairbanks, vice G. W. Ranger, removed; Joseph Burnheimer, North Waldoboro, vice B. L. Burnheimer, removed; J. M. Bartlett, south Thomaston, vice H. S. Sweetland, removed; and Gideon Bearce, West Minot, vice E. T. Millett, removed.

The thunder storm Saturday afternoon, at Cape Elizabeth, was quite severe, and other hallstones fell in Knightsville and other localities as large as cranberries. Geo. R. Davis' two story summer cottage at Pond Cove was struck by lightning in the storm, and shingles, piazza posts and boarding were scattered in every direction. Bedroom furniture and commode sets were strewed the floors. Several large paintings on the walls were torn in shreds. A clock hanging in one of the lower rooms was completely gutted, and a bedstead had the castors out clean off at the foot, while those at the head were left intact. The stable connected with the house was also somewhat damaged. As seen from the outside, the house looks as if a keg of powder had exploded within its walls.

Items of General News.

Forest fires are doing considerable damage in Massachusetts.

The New England Piano Company, Boston, manufacturers of pianos, piano actions, etc., have failed and made an assignment.

Mrs. Harriet W. Sewall, wife of the late Hon. Samuel E. Sewall of Boston, was run over by the cars at Wellesley Hills and killed, Friday.

Dawson, Williams & Co., hide and leather dealers, Boston, have assigned. They may be able to pay 50 cents on a dollar.

A cook formerly employed at the Blackwell's Island Insane Asylum, charges that decayed food is habitually furnished there for the inmates.

Frank Hancock, fireman at the mill of Walt & Atwell, at Blue Run, Pa., on Saturday, killed his four children with a butcher knife, and then hung himself.

A package containing $15,000 in gold, mysteriously disappeared from the office of the Northern Pacific Express Company in Brainerd, Minn., some time Wednesday night.

The town of Cheney, W. T., was visited by a probably incendiary fire, Wednesday, which swept away a large portion of the business part of the town. Loss probably $60,000; insurance $25,000.

Mrs. Kate O'Brien, of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 35, dropped dead of heart disease, Friday. She had a five months-old babe in her arms, and fell on the child and killed it.

John H. Swift, of Hartford, Conn., who killed his young wife, was hung on Friday. A great effort was made by friends to have the Governor commute the sentence to imprisonment for life, but tears were of no avail, and the law took its course.

Henry C. Pearson, Postmaster of New York city, died in Highwood, N. J., Saturday, aged 45 years. His death resulted from overwork. Probably he was one of the best accomplished officials in the country.

Sylvester Grubb was hanged at Vincennes, Ind., Friday. On the scaffold he was asked if he had anything to say, and responded he had plenty to say, but declined to open his mouth because so many reporters were present.

The perfect of police at St. Petersburg, has discovered the existence of a Nihilist plot to assassinate the Czar, to be put in execution during the funeral of Gen. Panshet. The Czar was immediately warned not to attend the funeral. A number of persons have been arrested. The Nihilists attended to use dynamite.

Garmine Mondia, aged 25, a native of Salerno, Italy, while at work Thursday, on the new suspension bridge across the Niagara river, slipped from the center of the structure and fell 200 feet into the water. His body rose to the surface a few seconds later, drifted with the current down river to an eddy, into which it disappeared.

A cyclone passed through Hinkley village, Illinois, about 10 o'clock, Thursday night, striking the town in the northwest portion and continuing straight east, unroofing and tearing down every building, sidewalk and tree in its course. The path is about 100 feet wide. The storm lasted not over fifteen seconds. Not a person was killed or injured beyond a few scratches.

Miss Nannie Totum of South Pittsburg, Tenn., was accidently shot through the brain, and instantly killed on Thursday by her brother Joseph. Mr. Totum was awakened by cats fighting in the room occupied by his sister. Securing a revolver he entered the apartment and fired. The bullet missed its mark and pierced the brain of the sleeping girl.

Donald Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, was captured at his father's house at Marsden, Canada, Sunday night, after a dispute and fight in which Morrison was wounded in the hip. He was taken to Inberboyne jail. Morrison has defied the whole force of the provincial government for over twelve months. He is wanted for the murder of U. S. Marshal Warren at Lake Megantic.

At Butler, Pa., about 4 o'clock, Wednesday morning, James Fields was fatally shot by his wife. Mrs. Fields was reading a book and her husband ordered her to come to bed. She refused to do so, when he got up and struck her. She went to a bureau drawer and took out a revolver, telling him if he hit her again she would shoot him. He then struck her in the face, when she threw the revolver, inflicting a fatal wound. Before dying Fields made a sworn statement, exonerating his wife, in which he stated that she had shot him in self defence.

The woods near Marion, Wis., a station on the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Road, forty miles west of Appleton, caught fire Saturday night. The flames spread with great rapidity and the town of Buckbee was entirely wiped out. Buckbee was a small lumbering town. A great deal of lumber was stored there and was entirely consumed. A train consisting of 14 cars of lumber and 5 cars of logs burned near Marion. The full loss on the lumber and dwellings at Buckbee and property near Marion amounts to nearly $300,000.

Wm. T. Meekins, a boy nine years old, of Fall River, Mass., was bitten on the face by a mongrel cur dog about a month ago. The wounds soon healed and no serious results were anticipated. On Thursday he went home from school suffering from a severe headache, and a few days later he was confined to his bed and afterwards manifested unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia. He complained of severe pains all over his body, made a noise at intervals resembling the barking of a dog, and although suffering from intense thirst, was thrown into spasms at the sight of water. He died the next morning, in great agony.

The government board for examining proposals for building an armed coast defence vessel, find that it is not possible to build the vessel under the lowest bid ($1,614,000) and comply with the terms of the act of Congress, which fixes the total cost of naval guns, batteries and other naval structures to be built under the authorization at $2,000,000. Altogether there would be a deficit of about $100,000 if the lowest bid was accepted. The next move of the department, if the report is accepted by Secretary Tracy, will be to readvertise for proposals. If that fails to secure a reduction, then an appeal to Congress for an increase in the limit of the total cost will be made.

A hero, clad in brown, greasy overalls, a checked jumper and a dirty cap, was killed in the yard of the Pennsylvania Railway Company in Jersey City the other morning, while saving the life of a little child. He was Patrick McAtlamney, a switchman. A ten year old boy, who was picking up coals on the track before McAtlamney's switch house, did not notice a swiftly approaching locomotive. McAtlamney shouted a warning. The child did not hear it, and in almost the same instant was struck down and crushed to death. McAtlamney was 45 years old, and had been in the employ of the Pennsylvania railway twenty years.

Joseph King, a wealthy and highly respected citizen of West Farms, near Westfield, Mass., 79 years of age, was shot and killed by Edgar King, his eldest son, Thursday morning. The house was fired and burned to the ground. Sometime after shots heard near by directed the neighbors to a spot some twenty rods away, where the murderer was found lying in a pool of blood, having shot himself. The cause of the crime is directly traceable to an unbalanced mind, caused by dissolute habits. The murderer and suicide had unmistakably planned the deeds he committed. A few days since he gave a neighbor, named Clark, a sealed manuscript and requested him to keep it and not open it until sometime in the future, saying he was going away, and when he was gone the manuscript would reveal why he went and where he would be. The paper, which was opened Thursday, revealed the determination of Edgar to kill his father, also his aunt who lived with the family, and burn the house. The final act was to be his own death. All this with one exception has been done.

George Gray, an employé of Farmer Bull, at Pine Mill, Pa., went out in one of the farmer's fields to haul away some stone piles. He had thrown on the drag but a few stones, when a weasel jumped out of the pile. Gray kicked at the animal as it was passing him, and the fierce little brute turned on the man and sprang for his throat. Its teeth closed on Gray's flannel shirt at his chest. In tearing the weasel loose, it set its teeth into Gray's arm, tearing the flesh down for three inches. The flow of the blood seemed to increase the fury of the weasel, and Gray had all he could do to keep it from springing on his throat. He at last succeeded in stunning the weasel by a kick, and was about to hurry to the house to have his wounds dressed, when six other weasels, one after the other, trooped from the stone pile and made a combined attack on Gray. They jumped upon him, biting and tearing his flesh on the legs, arms and body. Fearful for his life, Gray turned and fled, followed by the weasels, which chased him clear to the house, over half a mile away, inflicting still further wounds with their sharp teeth. Gray's shouts for help brought a son of his employer and another man out of a barn, where they were threshing, and the two ran to Gray's aid. Even these re-enforcements did not daunt the weasels, and before they were routed, which was not until three of them were killed, they had inflicted many ugly wounds on their foes, and the three men were covered with blood from head to foot. Gray has been confined to his bed ever since.

If your eyes weaken, blur or grow dim on reading, call on Chas. K. Partridge, the druggist and practical optician under Granite Hall, who can fit you to a pair of best crystal lens, spectacles or eye glasses that will give relief, and save your eyesight for good old age.

The good old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Best known cure for Coughs, Colds & Consumption. Genuine: Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston.

MAINE PENSIONS. The following pensions were recently granted to residents in this State:

ORIGINAL.

Alfred J. Bridges, West Surry.
Wm. Baird, Lewiston.
John Potts, National Military Home.
John Tinker, Portland.
Wm. F. Gill, East Corinth.
Zenas M. Shaw, Brewer.
Edward Bradbury, Benton.
Elijah Hunt, Carratunk.
Abiel McFarland, Ellsworth.
John C. Robinson, West Appleton.
Patrick Early, Bangor.
Herbert Lincoln, Perry.
John G. Wiley, Hallowell.
Joseph P. Fenderson, Saco.
Thomas P. Mitchell, Auburn.
Dudley G. Porter, Newburg Village.
Robert Tripp, Machiasport.
Charles Allen, Farmington.

INCREASE.

Joshua Gabriel, Togus.
James E. White, Northport.
Homer Child, Palermo.
Henry W. Shaw, Carmel.
Allen J. Crocker, Norway.
Elisha Rodeli, Brewer.
Newell W. Smith, Dixmont.
Charles W. Shaw, Winthrop.
John Winter, Calais.
Charles A. Copeland, Thomaston.
Charles Goodnow, Dry Mills.
Wm. A. Abbott, Dixfield.
Peter Sherry, Togus.
John Hosier, East Dixfield.
Everett Lindsay, North Monmouth.
John McLaughlin, Castine.
James F. Osgood, Kezar Falls.
Wm. R. Irish, Bangor.
Mary, widow of Joseph Bragdon, Freeport.
A. D. Twombly, Belfast.
John M. Palmer, Centre Montville.
Fifield Ireland, North Anson.
Dennis Pullen, Dexter.
John F. Robinson, West Palmyra.
Stephen Smith, Searsport.
Thomas A. Trask, Oakland.
Elisha Fuller, North Livermore.
Harrison H. Robinson, Presque Isle.
John Speed, South Atkinson.

REISSUE.

G. H. Ryerson, West Sumner.
Chas. A. Chase, Fairfield.
Joseph W. Sylvester, Etna.
Zedekiah Thompson, National Military Home.
John A. Wilson, Monmouth.

REISSUE AND INCREASE.

William McCauley, Jr., Ellsworth.
Nelson, mother of George L. Reed, Dresden Mills.
John H. Knowles, LaGrange.

MAINE GOOD TEMPLARS. The 31st annual session of the Grand Lodge of Maine, I. O. G. T., opened at Portland, Wednesday afternoon, with a large attendance. Mrs. Elias M. Hicks of Boston, Grand Vice Templar of Massachusetts, was received with grand honors. Several officers made their reports. The report of Grand Chief Templar Hamilton, shows that about the usual number of new lodges have been instituted. During the year the chief templar travelled over 4000 miles, held over 100 public temperance meetings, attended 15 district lodges, and visited a large number of subordinate lodges. He has organized 24 new lodges and two juvenile temples, and has written over 1000 letters and postal cards.

He speaks in detail of the work of all the grand officers, especially of Josie R. Pollard of Biddeford, the Grand Vice Templar, who, he says, has officially visited 36 lodges, and 14 juvenile temples, seven district lodges, 37 public temperance meetings, and six anniversary celebrations, and who has organized five new lodges and 11 juvenile temples. She has travelled 2254 miles for the order, and written 80 postal cards and 454 letters.

Chief Secretary Geo. E. Brackett's report shows the number of lodges is 324; total membership, 23,642. Thirty-six lodges have 100 or more members each, and nine lodges have 150 members or over each. No Surrender Lodge, No. 23, of Bangor, returns 333 members, and is the largest in the State. Fifty-three new lodges have been organized, and five reorganized. Eight thousand two hundred and eighteen new members have joined the order during the past year. There is a fully organized, chartered and working district lodge in every county in the State except Washington, and the system is proving more and more satisfactory and successful. He finds the juvenile branch of the work in a most flourishing condition.

In the evening, the following officers were elected:

G. C. T.—James H. Hamilton of Mattawamkeag.
G. Coun.—Storer S. Knight, Deering.
G. V. T.—Josie R. Pollard, Biddeford.
G. Sec.—Geo. E. Brackett, Belfast.
G. T.—Frank L. Gipson, Stetson.
G. C.—Rev. Robert Stott, Greene.
G. M.—Frank C. Holt, Norridgewock.
G. S. J. T.—Emily E. Came, Waterville.
Alternates—E. H. Hall, Lewiston; F. W. Gowen, Freedom; Joseph Craig, Portland; C. W. Longley, Bath; R. C. Hale, Portland.

Items and Incidents.

Henry M. Flagler, the standard oil man, has presented the physician who attended his daughter in her last illness, with securities valued at $87,000, at the market values of today. This is the second largest fee ever paid to a physician.

An Imperative Necessity.

What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

Felix Vlart, a beggar, died in New Orleans, La., recently, and thus far $38,000 have been found secreted about her shanty.

For nearly half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been the most popular cough remedy in the world. The constantly increasing demand for this remedy proves it to be the very best specific for colds, coughs, and all diseases of the throat and lungs.

"They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, and digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

Farmer Bascom—I see by the Agricultural Department reports that the falling off in sheep in New Hampshire last year was 11,000. Mrs. Bascom—I don't wonder a mite, Ebenezer. It doesn't seem to me that anything but a fly or a mountain goat could stick to those New Hampshire hillsides.

For Nervous Debility
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. T. TURNER, Kasson, Minn., says "I have found it very beneficial in nervous debility, from any cause, and for indigestion."

One of the great industries of Nuremberg, Germany, is making lead toy soldiers. Eight hundred work people are engaged, and they turn out 10,000 soldiers a day.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

Arbor day is observed by 34 States, and these include every Northern State east of the Rocky mountains.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Georgia peach trees have so many blossoms this spring that it has been necessary to thin them out.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Secretary Tracy has sold his fine horses in New York city.

Surf Bathing.

The ill effects that sometimes follow surf bathing are usually caused by sitting too long on the sand in a wet suit. Every visitor to the seaside should provide himself with Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

A Nebraska correspondent thinks that Maine crows must have emigrated to that state since the bounty law was passed. There never were so many of them in Nebraska, he writes.

"O to be dead and done with trouble
That dills each day with a dreary pain."
This is the moan of many a woman
Who thinks she can never be well again.
"It were better for me and better for others
If I were dead," and their tears fall fast.
Not so, not so, O wives and mothers,
There's a how of hope in the sky at last.

And it tells you that the storm of disease which has spread its shadow over you will give way to the sunshine of renewed health, if you are wise, and try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can and will effectually cure all female weaknesses and derangements, and no woman who has not tried it need despair, for a trial will convince her that it is the very thing she needs to restore her to the health she fears forever lost.

To cleanse the stomach, liver, and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25 cents.

NOMINATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR. Governor Burleigh has made the following nominations:

Steamboat Inspector—Wm. Flowers, Bangor.
Madawaska commissioners—Geo. I. Tricky, Caribou; Geo. H. Smith, Presque Isle; Morrill N. Drew, Fort Fairfield.
Judge of Municipal Court—Charles F. Whitman, Norway.
Fish and game warden—Joseph R. Lewis, Togus.
Commissioner to take birds' eggs, etc.—John Clifford, Portland.
Justices of the Peace and Quorum—Wm. H. Thomas, Durham; Wm. J. Neal, Portland; Wm. H. Thompson, Prentiss; Stephen L. Kinsley, Eaton; Wm. McLaughlin, Harmony; L. J. Stroul, Limington; Henry H. Chamberlain, Bristol; O. W. Dudley, Ellsworth; Geo. W. Richards, Eden.
Trial Justices—Daniel Brown, Waterford; Wm. T. Elliott, Knox; Henry H. Chamberlain, Bristol; O. W. Dudley, Ellsworth; Geo. W. Richards, Eden; Daniel Brown, Waterford; and Robert A. Friend, Brooklin.

Special Notices.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall st., N. Y. 44038

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, April 23, 1889.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Veals.
Taylor & Dennison,	7	46
C. H. Hall,	31	34
J. H. Gilman,	3	31
B. W. Hanaman,		5
E. L. Libby,	18	30
I. C. Libby & Sons,	18	34

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 3680; sheep, 7087; hogs, 31,308; veals, 1995; horses, 611.

FROM MAINE.

Cattle, 67; veals, 182; horses, 97.

The export of cattle from the port of Boston for the past week, was 1443 head, against 2092 the previous week. Market off to 5 pence, or 10 cts. dressed weight. Trade inactive.

CHANGE IN PRICES.

Eastern cattle to compete with western were ½ cent lower, dressed weight. Light run from New England. Owners rather run the chance of a higher market than sell at going rates.

Sheep—A depressed market, ¼ cent easier. Most of sheared flocks; young lambs coming down to seasonable prices.

Hogs—The price remains unchanged, both for western and country lots.

Veal calves—Nearly 2000 head offered, at a drop of ¼ to ½ cent, live weight, from last week.

Working oxen—Out of date, none offered and no demand.

Store cattle could not be sold if offered.

SALES.

B. W. Harriman sold 6 veals, 530 lbs., at 4 cts. J. H. Gilman sold 31 veals, averaging 120 lbs., at 5 cts.; 2 steers for beef at $110, or 6 cts. dressed weight, live weight at home, 2900 lbs. C. H. Merrill sold 3 springers at $115; two at 5 cts; 1 Hereford bull, a fat one, at 3 cts., that weighed 1680 lbs.; 1 pair working oxen, 7 feet, at $130; 1 pair 7 feet, 4 inches, $145; young calves, or what are known as bobs, brought $1.00 to $1.50 per head. E. L. Libby sold a fancy Durham cow, warranted to milk 20 qts., for $60; 3 springers returns 325 members, and is the largest in the State. Fifty-three new lodges have been organized, and five reorganized. Eight thousand two hundred and eighteen new members have joined the order during the past year. There is a fully organized, chartered and working district lodge in every county in the State except Washington, and the system is proving more and more satisfactory and successful. He finds the juvenile branch of the work in a most flourishing condition.

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"They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, and digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

Farmer Bascom—I see by the Agricultural Department reports that the falling off in sheep in New Hampshire last year was 11,000. Mrs. Bascom—I don't wonder a mite, Ebenezer. It doesn't seem to me that anything but a fly or a mountain goat could stick to those New Hampshire hillsides.

For Nervous Debility
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. T. TURNER, Kasson, Minn., says "I have found it very beneficial in nervous debility, from any cause, and for indigestion."

One of the great industries of Nuremberg, Germany, is making lead toy soldiers. Eight hundred work people are engaged, and they turn out 10,000 soldiers a day.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

Arbor day is observed by 34 States, and these include every Northern State east of the Rocky mountains.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Georgia peach trees have so many blossoms this spring that it has been necessary to thin them out.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Secretary Tracy has sold his fine horses in New York city.

Surf Bathing.

The ill effects that sometimes follow surf bathing are usually caused by sitting too long on the sand in a wet suit. Every visitor to the seaside should provide himself with Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 24.

APPLES—Green, $1 25@1 75 per bbl.; Evaporated, 7@8c per lb.
BUTTER—18@20 for choice family; creamery, 26@27c.
BEANS—Pea, $2 00@2 25; Yellow Eyes, $3 25@3 50.
CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 11¾@13½c; N. Y. Factory, 11@13.
FLOUR—Superfine, $4 00@4 75; Spring X and XX, $4 50@5 00; Roller Michigan, $5 25@5 65; St. Louis Winter Patents, $6 00@6 25.
FISH—Cod Shore, $4 50@4 75; bank, $3 75@4 25; Scaled herring per box, 20@25c; Mackerel per bbl, shore 1s, $22 00@28 00.
GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 53@53½; oats, 40@42c; cotton seed, car lots, $26 50@27 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $28 00@29 00; sacked bran, car lots, $19 00@20 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $20 00@21 00; middlings, car lots, $20 00@23 00; middlings, bag lots, $23 00@25 00.
LARD—Per tierce, 7¾@8¼c per lb; per tub, 7¾@8¼c; pail, 7¾@8¼c.
PROVISIONS—Fowl, 15@16c; chickens, 16@17c; turkeys, 18@19; eggs, 15@16c; potatoes, 50@60c per bush.; extra beef, $9 25@9 75; pork backs, $16 00@16 50; clear, $15 00@15 50; hams, 11½@13½c; covered, 13½@14½c.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, April 24.

APPLES—$1 50@2 00 per bbl.
BEANS—Yellow Eyes, $2 50@2 75 per bush.; hand picked Pea, $2 25@2 35.
BUTTER—Best, 22@24c per lb.; fair to good, 20@21c.
EGGS—13c per doz.
CHEESE—Best factory, per lb., (new) 12@13c; best dairy, per lb., (new) 12@13c.
GRAIN—Oats, prime country, 35@38c per bushel.
HAY—$14@15 per ton; best bales, $14@16.
CORN—58@60c; meal, 52@54c.
POTATOES—Best quality per bushel, 40@45c.
PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog, per lb., 6½@7c. Chicken, 13@14; Fowl per lb., 8@10c; Turkeys, 14@18c.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, April 23.

United States Bonds, 3's, (reg.)
" " New 4s, (reg.) 129½
" " " (coup.) 129½
" " New 4½'s (reg.) 108
" " 4½'s (coup.) 108
" " Pacific 6s12. 115

At the Universalist church, Bath, Sunday, Rev. I. P. Quimby preached against the formal proclamation of Fast day by the Governor, claiming that there was no religious significance to the day.

Mrs. Alvina A. Pierce of Dover, N. H., died of heart disease, Monday, aged 57, weight 452 pounds. It was with great difficulty that her body could be got out through the doors of the house.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, April 23.

CATTLE—Receipts 7,000; shipments 4,000; steady; beeves at 4 40@6 60; steers at 3 30@4 25; stockers and feeders at 2 50@3 60; cows, bulls and mixed at 1 65@3 15; Texas steers, 3 30@3 90.

HOGS—Receipts 12,000; shipments 6,500; steady; mixed at 4 60@5 82½; heavy at 4 55@4 80; light at 4 70@4 95; skips at 3 50@4 47.

SHEEP—Receipts 6000; shipments 2000; strong; at 3 75@5 40; Western corn fed at 4 90@5 30; lambs 4 75@6 00.

Married.

In this city, 16th inst., by Rev. Walker Gwynne, at the residence of Lucius Hill, Capt. J. Albert Chapman of Dorchester, N. B., to Mrs. Flora E. Hoyt of this city.

In this city, April 22, by Rev. S. G. Sargent, Willis G. Spear of Manchester, to Eva G. Ayer of West Gardiner.

In this city, Apr. 17, H. W. B. Webber to Leona E. Hale, both of Augusta.

In Bath, Apr. 17, Winfield F. Rowe of Waltham, to Hattie K., daughter of Horatio N. Douglass of Bath; Mar. 30, Fred W. Jones of Auburn, to Blanche E. Gorges of Lewiston.

In Brighton, Apr. 13, Martin L. Gerrish to Minnie B. Smith, both of Abbott.

In Brooks, Mar. 25, Freeman Grant to Sadie Deering, both of Jackson.

In Bath, Apr. 10, Chas. E. Bradbury to Georgia M. Perkins; Apr. 16, Ernest E. Hamm to Sarah M. Stone, both of Bangor; Apr. 16, Ernest Jardine of Milbridge, Me., to Etta Laughton of Bangor.

In Ellsworth, Apr. 7, Albert F. Harvey to Sarah E. Tate, both of Ellsworth.

In Eden, Apr. 11, Tyler W. Stanley to Carrie N. Higgins, both of Eden.

In Farmington, Mar. 27, O. Adelbert Will of Avon, to Ida M. Mosher of Farmington; Apr. 13, Charles H. Fuller to Carrie M. Bean, both of Farmington.

In Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, May. 27, Albert Ingalls of Harbor, to Addie Gliddes of the same place.

In Gray, Apr. 5, Horace L. Swan to Verna M. Maxim.

In Houlton, Apr. 10, John A. Grant to Bertha Grant, both of Canterbury, N. B.; Apr. 15, Jerry Astle to Nellie Canning, both of Houlton.

In Harmony, Apr. 5, Llewellyn Chadbourn to Sadie Russell, both of Harmony.

In Islesboro, Apr. 7, George Williams to Nellie Cobb.

In Industry, Apr. 11, Charles L. Jennings of Farmington, to Ellen A. Watson of Industry.

In Kingfield, Apr. 13, Ernest H. Johnson of Kingfield, to Mabel Leslie of New Gloucester, N. S.

In Litchfield, Apr. 14, Joseph B. Baker of Litchfield, to Mrs. Eliza A. Witham of Shimey.

In Lubec, Apr. 5, J

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

"Sun of My Soul."

Sun of my soul, arise and shine,
Let thy sweet beams my soul enshrine.
O, shine upon life's weary way,
Turn night's dark shadows into day.

Reveal to us thy radiant face,
Upon us shower they heavenly grace;
Thus shall these earth born plants revive,
And in thy beloved sunshine live.

Shine deep into our every soul;
So shall the wounded be made whole;
O shine, illumine every part,
Till thy sweet love fills all our heart.

The way seems rough in which we tread;
Thick clouds hang darkly overhead;
We do not see, we cannot know,
The thorny path in which we go.

But let thine own effulgent beam
Upon our troubled pathway gleam;
The clouds dispersed, the shadows flee,
Even thorns seem loving ministry.

Then shine, till sin shall disappear;
Shine on till earth, which now is drear,
Blooms as the garden of the Lord;
Till saints receive their great reward.

H. M. WHEELER.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

PRISON DOORS.

An Easter Sketch.

A pleasant town on one of our rocky coasts overlooks the sea. To a stranger traversing its streets, the State Prison would probably be pointed out as the most remarkable among the public buildings of the quiet place. Its walls rise gloomily enough to the eye of the transit visitor; how more than wretched the life within! Few who read the dreaded sentence of imprisonment, after the trial of the evil doer, reflect upon the misery of his expiation. He is a law-breaker; he deserves to suffer. True, but this fact does not take one iota from his wretchedness, or render his burden less heavy. We break the laws of nature, we are sick, we deserve to suffer. But though we acknowledge the fact, our pain is none the less acute. And so long as man is endowed with an immortal soul, and by this very endowment made subject to fierce temptation, let us not judge too hastily our fallen brother; let us not turn with too cold a scorn from the dismal place where the weary days we so often pass with thoughtless selfishness, are painfully wearing away. After these remarks you will expect the invitation to enter.

It is a warm day in March, and the drip, drip, from the eaves of the prison building may be heard as we draw near. Within the cells are all exasperatingly alike, but the one to which I will call the reader's attention is a corner cell. Is large enough to admit a small bed, a stand and a chair. There is scarcely room for the half-distracted walk the prisoner sometimes indulges in, when his brain reels and memories mingle in an awful chaos.

It is noon, and the prisoner avails himself of the plentitude of God's sunlight to read a letter he received this morning. He therefore stands close to the small grated window reaching up, with the human instinct yet uncrushed, after the blessed light.

When near enough to examine his face and form, we perceive that he is rather below the medium size, that his face has a dark and unhealthy pallor, without a vestige of color in the cheeks. But for this his features are well enough, and there is a gleam of intelligence in his dark eyes.

Using a friend's privilege, we will read the letter which has brought a look of pleasure to the sad face. It ran thus:

WOODVILLE, March, 18—

Mr. Howard: With the return of spring, and the approach of Easter, I am reminded of One who came to proclaim "liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." This captivity of the soul is a thousand times worse than even the bondage of the prison walls. You may say that I cannot realize the miseries of prison life. Of course I cannot, though I have sometimes been obliged to stay indoors for weeks together, and have tried to picture to myself the continued and unwilling confinement of the prisoners. But there is this difference: Earthly bondage will come to an end; the spiritual bondage, from which Christ sets us free, outlasts the earthly and the visible, and reaches out into the spiritual and invisible. You have my most sincere sympathy. Never doubt it. But I would have you feel, too, that One who is mightier is infinitely more pitiful than I. Somehow the time will pass. Every day is one day nearer your release from prison. And every day brings us all nearer the glorious Day of perfect redemption we celebrate with our Easter gifts. Enclosed is an Easter card, which I hope you will keep in memory of one who prays earnestly for your final triumph over sin and death on the last great Easter morning.

Your true friend, JENNIE WYNNE.

Can the man, respectfully addressed by the gentle lady as Mr. Howard, fail to be pleased with this kind letter and its accompanying card, where beautiful lilies form the figure of a cross, thus combining with the idea of suffering the suggestion of a final purity and happiness? The memory of it goes with him all about the prison. It softens his melancholy face; it lends a cadence of sweetness to his low voice. A lady has been kind to him!

By a combination of circumstances which we will not stop to enumerate, the gentle Jennie Wynne has become interested in the prisoner, whose case has some claims to mercy. He has striven hard in jail and in prison to make up, in some degree, the woeful lack of his youth—the fatal want of education. Often disheartened by his situation, he has been cheered and encouraged by the advice and aid of this friend in need.

But who is Miss Wynne? For answer let us take a peep into the *sanctum* of a young country girl a hundred miles away. The homestead shows something of luxury as well as comfort, and the room of Jennie, the daughter of the house, is a "dream in pink." A lady there is in confidential chat in progress between herself and Laura Lee, her longtime friend.

They present a charming picture as they sit talking so earnestly, faces flushed and eyes beaming. Jennie Wynne, with her slender form and pure, earnest face, though not positively beautiful, is at least more than pretty, while her friend is a lovely contrast, with her delicate complexion, to the more vivacious and brilliant Jennie.

"Of course there can be no harm," Jennie is saying. "Father and mother both approve. They like to have me make myself useful," she adds with a rare smile. "This convict has made wonderful progress since he has been imprisoned; he could neither read nor write when first lodged in jail, now he can write very well. See, here are some of his letters," and she tossed a bunch of folded papers into her friend's lap.

"Ah!" said Laura with a slight flush, "but what does Mr. Selden say?" She spoke rather playfully, but saw her mistake directly.

"Mr. Selden has no right to control my actions," slowly and haughtily said Miss Wynne. Then more softly, "O, Laura, why cannot we be less conventional and more humane in our feelings toward our fellows? And by being more humane, approach also nearer the Divine? At Christmas and Easter I long to reach out, and, through the finite hour, grasp the infinite. The circle of divine pity and help, all the fallen and the wretched ones who are groping outside where the holy beams may not reach them!" Then, suddenly remembering that her companion was a stranger to all this "speech making," Jennie looked a little confused, as she awaited Laura's reply.

But Laura, too, was looking thoughtful, as she read a word here and there across the letters, and at the same time listened to her friend. Presently she said, very quietly:

"If think I understand your feeling, dear, but the field is so wide, and I am so ignorant."

"Yes," said Jennie, eagerly, "but it is only a little here and there, and we learn even by our mistakes."

"You understand these things so much better than I," replied Laura, still fumbling at the letters.

Then she said, "Your convict has indeed made wonderful advancement, Jennie. Such language as this many an educated gentleman would be glad to imitate, if he could. How finely he speaks of the lady who has come to him through the act of acquaintance of yours, you say, where you visited a year ago? This is the passage: 'To that lady I owe everything that I am or expect to be. My mind was worse than blank until she sowed in the good seed which I am doing my best to cultivate. She has rescued one soul from the darkness of night, and has merited my eternal gratitude.'

"Yes, his letters abound in flowery expressions of gratitude to those who have helped him. It was curious to watch the development of language in his first efforts. The attempt to put the ideas of a man into the faulty language of a child, with more than a child's love for fine phrases, would give you some idea. But now he expresses himself in good English for the most part. He is also, I trust, becoming interested in spiritual things."

"But, after all, Jennie, I don't see how you can do it!" exclaimed the fastidious Laura. I have heard that the letters are all read before being distributed, and how can you allow your pure, beautiful thoughts to be roughly handled?"

"I presume they are not more roughly handled by the warden of the prison than the articles of magazine writers are by the critics," replied Jennie, lightly. "Did you read the letter where he mentioned this fact himself? No? Well, here it is," and she took up a letter and read:

"All letters are read before they are distributed, and I have no objection to some about writing to a convict, yet pure motives for sending cheer to the lonely ought to overcome any fear on that score, as no gossip is allowed from such a source."

"Yes, I suppose the mission is a good one, but he must be such a low fellow. Do you not fear to be unladylike in your correspondence after he is released?"

"I have no fear that I shall ever repent this attempt to do a little good in a wicked world."

Little did Jennie Wynne think that her statements would soon be brought to the test.

"There are more prison doors to open than those where the convict is sighing. We have here in our midst young men who are welcomed in society, who might, with more truth, be called low and degraded, because their course is steadily downward, while this convict is trying to reach a higher plane."

Laura opened her blue eyes in wonderment, but made no reply to this heretical statement, and soon after the two friends separated.

That afternoon, as the twilight shadows came and deepened, Jennie sat at the parlor window dreaming, her cheek resting upon her hand.

"It is nearly a year," she thought, "since Henry gave me this ring, and with it the sacred pledge never again to touch intoxicating drink, and he still wears the ring I gave him in return as a pledge of constancy to him while his promise remains unbroken. How glad I am that he has had the strength to keep that pledge, amid all the temptations of the village! And in three months more our happiness—"

Just then she heard a brisk step on the walk outside, and in a moment Henry Selden stood before her. Was she dreaming, or did he appear a little less at ease than usual? Jennie had been proud of his easy bearing and careless grace, but tonight he seemed a trifle awkward. A strange pallor succeeded to the happy flush with which she welcomed him, as he stooped and touched her forehead lightly with his lips.

"Good evening, Jennie; aren't glad to see a fellow, are you? What makes you look so pale?" said the young man, as he took a seat beside her.

Jennie made some evasive answer, still regarding him with earnest eyes.

"Oh, I remember! Look here, I got some letters for you at the post-office. Here is one I don't like the looks of. Ned Banks says you are corresponding with some other fellow, and I told him I didn't believe it, and offered to open it, but he said you might not like it. Ha, ha! I guess you wouldn't care if I *should* open it, now would you? It's only in anticipation of a future event, eh? Come, now, Jennie, don't look so glum. If you will tell me who that letter is from I won't tease you any more. It is from your cousin, of course, or else it is a business letter."

"No, it is not from my cousin; it is not a business letter," said Jennie, proudly. "Mr. Selden has no right to dictate to me as to the number or relationship of my correspondents. He has no right even to know these things depends upon the keeping of a pledge, and O, Henry, I fear that pledge has been broken!" Jennie's face was deadly pale as she drew herself up as if making ready to battle with some unseen foe.

"Ah! my little lady, so you *do* correspond with another gentleman. You are faithless to your pledge, how can you expect me to keep mine?"

His cheek was flushed, but his voice had become a trifle more steady. "I will *know* who writes to my promised wife," and he broke the seal and began to read the contents of the letter.

"Henry Selden, how dare you?" said Jennie, in her proud, deliberate tone, which was nevertheless somewhat tremulous with suppressed emotion.

"Now don't be heroic. A fellow doesn't like to see his betrothed disgraced by a miserable intimacy like this! *My* promised wife breaking faith with me for the sake of a fellow like that!"

"Henry Selden, I promised to marry you on condition that you kept your pledge never to touch the wine cup. How dare you come here to insult me, with your lips stained with wine?" You do not know what you have been saying to me. I forgive you, Henry, you will be sorry when you are yourself again. But we must part."

She drew off her ring and laid it before him.

"What did I say, Jennie?" said her lover in alarm. "Don't be angry, I meant no harm. Oh, Jennie, don't leave me for that prisoner," he went on, in confusion.

"Your soul is in prison, Henry; when you come forth into the sunlight you will understand me," replied Jennie, brokenly, and glided away, leaving him to put on his hat and wonderingly depart from the house.

The next morning was Easter, and the pale girl who sat in her accustomed place in church was very thoughtful; but beneath the feeling of sadness at the renunciation of her love, there was a great thankfulness that the knowledge of her lover's weakness had come to her in season to prevent the misery of their union. And through all she unconsciously indulged the hope that he might still reform; that all might yet be well.

Years pass, and Jennie Wynne's happiness is yet to come. She has only the consciousness of duty well done to sustain her.

Rumor says that Henry Selden, a rather fast young man, will soon marry the fastidious Laura Lee. Jennie remains the friend of both, as she is the friend of all who err and suffer. She has not been sorry. And her brave heart still looks for the resplendent Easter morning that shall make all things new. LURA BELL.

Wit, Humor and Pleasantries.

"I do not want an office, Ben,"
The visitor did say,
The President turned white, and then
He fainted dead away.

"Oh, Why Should They Bury Me Deep?" is the title of some verses sent to this office by a New Jersey poet. One reading of the poem ought to furnish a satisfactory answer to any reasonable person.

But his audience insulted him; they kept egging him on and on.

No, they didn't. They kept egging him off and off. That's why he pulled a gun on them.

Violet luncheons are the thing in the supper circles of St. Louis. Everything is violet except the cheeks of the young ladies, which are rosy, and paterfamilias, who pays the bills; he is blue.

It was a little girl of the lowest class in an East Boston school. The teacher showed her a picture of a fan and asked her what it was, and what it was used for, but she could not tell. Another little girl was deputed to help her out, and after moving her hand as if for fanning, she inquired: "What does your mother do to keep cool in hot weather?" "Drink beer!" was the ready answer.

"Doc, thar mus' be suthin' left whar ye pulled thet tooth for me, last week. It's ached ever sence."

Dentist (examining his mouth)—"Nothing there, sir, but a vacuum."

"How big?"

"Why, about the size of a tooth, of course."

"Wal, yank 'er out, Doc, I knowed suthin' was wrong. I've heerd that nacher obhors a vackeyum, an' dinged if I blame her, 't she ever got one stuck inter her jaw."

Perhaps it was jocosely that a pastor remarked that the Roman Catholic church was fortunate in having but one infallible pope. In his church he had nine deacons, and every one of them thought himself infallible. It may be that the pastor is annoyed by the infallibility of his nine church officers, as the 13th juryman was at the "obstinacy" of the other 12.

The old lady went to the theatre for the first time. The play was "Julius Cæsar."

"Waal," she said afterward, "I've hearn tell that the theaytер were bad, but I think it's wuss than bad. It's nothin' but crime to kill all them fellers just to amuse the audience, an' it oughter be put a stop to."

DURING THE WAR. Captain (on the staff)—Doctor, how am I going to get a leave of absence? The General declares he won't grant any except on account of illness.

Surgeon—Anything the matter with you? Captain—No. I am hearty as a buck. Awfully homesick, though.

Surgeon—All right. Draw up your application and I will certify that you have a violent attack of nostalgia.

And he did. And it was only after the Captain had returned from a month of elegant and glorified leisure among the stay-at-homes that the western General in command learned what had been the matter with the Captain.

"And now, children," said the superintendent, benignantly, "are there any questions you would like to ask before we leave the lesson?"

"How long did it take you to get all the pigs in the pen the first time you tried?" inquired the sweet little girl on the front bench.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A little Burlington (Vt.) girl was recently asked to name the most important production of Vermont. "Unknown men who emigrate to other States and become famous," was the reply.

THE SMALLEST SCREW. It is asserted on good authority that the smallest screws in the world are those used in the production of watches. The fourth jewel-wheel screw is the next thing to being invisible, and to drive it home requires a very fine hand. Still smaller screws are made to count them, the method pursued in determining the number being to place 100 of them on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is determined by the weight of them. After being cut the screws are hardened and put in frames, about 100 to the frame, heads up, this being done very rapidly by means of tools instead of by sight, and the heads are then polished in an automatic machine 10,000 at a time.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA. Recently there came to work in a Brookfield (Ct.) family a Swedish woman, who, hearing of a young woman's trouble from insomnia, told her of the practice of the people in her country who are similarly afflicted. It was to take a napkin, dip it in ice-cold water, wring it slightly, and lay it across her eyes. The plan was followed, and it worked like a charm. The first night the girl slept four hours without awaking, something she not done for several months. At the end of that time the napkin had become dry. By wetting it again she also crept to sleep, and it required considerable force to rouse her in the morning.

Curious Things.

A REGION IN NEW ENGLAND WHERE SUPERSTITION THRIVES. A letter from Gloucester, R. I., says: This wild, wooded, and rock-ribbed region, less than a day's journey from General Putnam's historic wolf den, in Northeastern Connecticut, is full of superstitions. It is one of the queerest of localities. In the centre of Gloucester lies Ponaganselt lake, and all about the shores of this lake are the dwellings of a hale and hearty people, who make this country, far from the busy haunts of men, a veritable wonderland of legend and reminiscence. The old men delight in telling ghost stories, and the young people like to listen. Gloucester lies on the crooked old Indian trail which ran between Connecticut and the Providence Plantations.

For generations back the Gloucester farmers have believed in wizardry. They will do much of their work only during the full of the moon. Otherwise they would expect to die or to have very bad luck. Planting must not be done until the signs of the zodiac are propitious, and gardens must never be plowed on Fridays. Even a tooth must not be pulled unless the stars are right; if it is, it will come hard and cause great suffering.

Pork, if killed during the small of the moon, will shrink to nothing in cooking, while that butchered at the full of the moon will continue white and firm.

To insure luck in the management of domestic animals the sign of the zodiac must be in the leg. The rainbows of all fowls are preserved on sticks. Some families keep hundreds on hand all the time. When the zodiacal sign is in the head, then the Gloucester people believe one can do the most at catching pickerel, and can hook the biggest fish. Hence the almanac hung by the kitchen fireplace in all Gloucester houses is a thing the settlers could not live without. Its study, if one would reap good harvests, "catch" good clamming tides and avoid misfortune, is imperative.

These people also believe that if you take up a black snake and bite it your teeth will never decay; that if the nails are pared on Friday toothache will be prevented, and that a child born in the heat of the day can see into the future, and will be exempt from influences of witchcraft. A ship that has such a one on board they say will never sink.

Perhaps the most curious belief still haunting these hearthstones of interior Rhode Island is that relating to the character of the little fish in Ponaganselt reservoir. This pond is the source of the Pawtuxet river, which flows easterly into Narragansett Bay, and years before the building of the dam across the outlet of the lake, herring from the salt sea used to swim up the stream to the shoal waters of the lake to spawn. The old settlers who have lived about the lake all their lives, aver that the shiners which now glisten in its crystal water are naught else but the degenerate descendants of the herring race, and show the same characteristics. One of "the Bowen boys" at the lake frequently says that "my father used to say there was no shiners before any dams was built to fence out the herrin's."

SPONGE REEF OF FLORIDA. The sponge reef of Florida begins a few miles east of Apalachicola, and runs along the coast to within fifty miles of Cedar Keys, then there is a break of about a hundred miles or so, after which the reef again appears, and runs south without interruption to Key West and the Bahama Islands. This reef is a rocky ridge, which is, nearly throughout its extent, of coral formation, but in part seems to be of limestone. It begins some six or eight miles from shore, and continues but indefinitely; in fact, wherever there is a rocky bottom, sponges are said to be found, and the only reason that the fisheries do not extend completely around the Gulf coast, is that in places, as off the coast of Texas or Cedar Keys, this rocky bottom begins in water too shoal for the profitable sponging. The average depth of water on the St. Mark's reef, at six miles from land, is sixteen feet. The sponges found along this reef are rather inferior to the Bahama sponges, but are much superior to the variety which is obtained on the coast of Mexico. They are found in great abundance, and the supply is practically inexhaustible, as the sponge crop only needs two years to reach maturity, and they grow almost as fast as they can be gathered. Small schooners, of about eight tons burden, are the vessels used in the business. A writer in *Forest and Stream* thus describes the business of sponge-fishing: "The schooners each carry two small boats or dinkies, and are manned by a crew of five. Provisions are generally laid in for six weeks at a time, and a limit of a cruise. At the reef two men go to each of the dinkies, and the work begins. One slowly sculls round by a stern oar, while his companion examines the bed of the sea through a bucket with a glass bottom. This simple contrivance is fastened to the boat low enough down to rest partially in the water, and by placing his head inside the bucket, one can see with distinctness objects at a depth of even thirty feet. When a desirable sponge is spied, it is brought up by an iron hook fastened on the end of a long pole. Herein lies the science of the craft, the knowing how to hook a sponge without tearing it all to pieces."

CASTING PLATE GLASS. The casting tables, the most important pieces of apparatus in a plate glass works, are 19 feet long, 14 feet wide and 7 inches thick, says the *Popular Science Monthly*. Each is provided with an iron roller, 30 inches in diameter and 15 feet long. Strips of iron on each side of the table afford a bearing for the rollers and determine the thickness of the plate of glass to be cast. The rough plate is commonly nine-sixteenths of an inch in thickness; after polishing it is reduced to six or seven-sixteenths. The casting tables are mounted on wheels, and run on a track that reaches every furnace and annealing oven in the building. The table having been wheeled as near as possible to the melting furnace, the pot of molten glass is lifted by a crane and its contents quickly poured on the table. The heavy iron roller is then passed from end to end, spreading the glass into a layer of uniform thickness. The whole operation of casting scarcely occupies more than it takes to describe it. Each movement is made with almost nervous rapidity. Few industries offer such fine scenic display as the pouring of the molten glass. One feels like crying encore, it is so very brilliant.

In contact with the cold metal of the table the glass chills quickly. As soon as possible, the door of the annealing oven is opened and the plate of glass introduced. The floor of the oven is on the same level as the casting table, so that the transition can be conveniently and quickly made. When, after several days, the glass is taken out of the oven, its surface is found to be decidedly rough and uneven. A small quantity is used in the condition for skylights and other purposes where strength is required without transparency. It is known in the market as rough plate. The greater part of the glass, however, is ground, smoothed and polished before it leaves the establishment.

THE OLD-TIME CIRCUS. The Washington Irving is yet to be born to tell the story of the old-time circus—of the days when the long caravan rattled into New England villages at all hours of the night, the great wheels rumbling over the rough turnpike in a most romantic fashion, at least to the small boy tucked away under the eaves with a keen injunction from his prudent father not to give the profane institution a short or a glance.

Those were glorious days, and the boy who sees nothing but the finished product of the modern show can form no idea of the joy of holding the ponies while they are being unharnessed after a night's pull, or perhaps of carrying a grease pot while the red and blue wheels are put in order. And how we missed one of those keen enjoyments that made the early part of this century one unending red letter day, and this latter civilization, with its special trains, and advance cars and "Sells Brothers' Band" a complete failure. In those days the elephants walked every inch of the way, and all the boys in town could see them without money and without price, if they got up early enough. Elephants never look so commanding as they do on a country turnpike. There they have to walk over shaky bridges and through streams, and it reminds them of the days of their youth. At least they look pathetic and never say anything.—*New Haven Palladium.*

TOO SMART A CHILD. A lady in this city has a child of three years, which is unusually bright and precocious. One of the little girl's pet sayings is the question, "Is that a joke?" and the words themselves, coupled with the intonation given them, seldom fail to cause whoever hears them to break into laughter. Sometimes the question fits the remarks made previously, and sometimes it does not, and the latter was the case one recent afternoon when a lady was calling on the mother of this little girl. The fond mother had displayed the precocious child to the extent usual on these occasions, and, this over, the little one lay with her head in her mother's lap, gazing curiously at the caller. The latter ladies, not very intimate friends, were discussing a church matter which had a common interest for them, and the visitor made a very earnest and somewhat lengthy discussion of it, only on finishing to hear little one gaze guilelessly up into her mother's face and innocently ask: "Mamma, is that a joke?" The horrified mother hastened to explain that this was only another of her child's accomplishments, and the conversation proceeded as smoothly as before, but the visitor did not remain long after that.—*New Haven Palladium.*

AN AGED CAT. Mr. E. A. Steele of Meriden has a cat which he says was brought from Newton when a kitten, 23 years ago. "Charlie" has been an active mouser, and until recently would go half way to the depot, in three minutes' walk from the house, daily, to meet his master on his way home from the city. The animal is a handsome light gray, with light forefeet; it is famed for knowing ways, and a favorite with the family and visitors. Whose cat beats this one?

Young Folks' Column.

I am a little girl you know,
Just only four feet high,
But me says I can write a piece,
If I should only try.

I love to go to Sunday school,
And say my lesson too;
My teacher gives me pretty books,
And tickets, red and blue.

She tells me that I must be good,
And so I mean to try,
Because I want to go and live
With Jesus when I die.

I want to hear his loving voice,
Say, "Little Alice, come;"
Oh, let us all try to be good,
And meet in heaven our home.

Sacramento. ALICE MAY POOR.

Dear Mr. Editor: You are very kind to us little folks to let us have a column in your paper. I am 8 years old. I went to school last winter a term of twelve weeks. My teacher's name is Mamie Chapman. My studies this winter at school were reading, spelling, arithmetic and writing. This spring I am going to study the fifth reader and the large geography. I studied them at home this winter and mamma heard my lessons. We had a Christmas tree at the church. For presents I had a box of paper, a large story book, a silk handkerchief and a linen one, and a little jug to wear on my chain from Denver, Col., a doll from Gardiner, a handkerchief, orange, grapes from one of my little schoolmates, a handkerchief from another one of my little schoolmates, a number of other things from papa and mamma. Mr. Ayer stopped with us last fall, I like him very much. I have not got but one grandfather and one grandmother living; they live very near us. Their house was burned last June. I have a little kitten, her name is Buff. I think the answer to Gracie E. Beather's riddle is a plum pudding. I sent the same riddle before but no one guessed it.

South Jefferson. ANNIE M. BOYNTON.

Mr. Editor: My grandfather and father have taken the *Farmer* for more than forty years. When it comes weekly I look at the young folks' column first. I was ten years old last September. I can do quite a lot of work. I wash dishes, sweep the house, knit, sew, and can cook some. I go to school. We have three terms a year. I have to go a mile to school. Last fall I went ten weeks and did not miss a day, making 100 miles travel. I study reading, spelling, writing and geography. I have two cats, their names are Mouser and Cooney, the last is a shag, or Angora. I have two birds, they are both splendid singers. I have thirty kinds of plants, some choice ones. I will send you a riddle:

From the depths of the sea at the foot of the rock,
I am brought on the earth to do dirty work,
I have mouths to devour, my liquor I meet
I am given to drink though never to eat.

Ripley. GERTIE E. SAMPSON.

Dear Editor: My grandfather has taken the *Farmer* for quite a number of years, and I like to read the young folks' column very much. My little brother and I are making maple syrup. We boil it down in a building away from the house, so we have a "sweet time" of all alone to ourselves, although we are not making very much syrup. I shall attend school this summer; my studies will be fifth reader, arithmetic, geography, history, physiology, spelling and writing. I think the answer to the question in what book of the bible is the word God not found, is in the book of Esther. When did Abraham sleep five in a bed? Who was born before his father and died before his father? What cat is worth its weight in gold or silver? Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relation? Why is a book seller like a chicken? I should like to correspond with some of the boys and girls.

Monroe. SIDNEY M. WEBBER, age 11.

Mr. Editor: My grandfather takes the *Maine Farmer*, and as I was reading the young folks' column I noticed Florence Boyle's letter, in which she asked some of the girls to send a name for her baby sister. I thought perhaps she would like Marion or Alice. I love babies very much and like to take care of them. Mamma says if I had it to do all the time, perhaps I should not think it so nice. I live in Denver, in Southern California, one in Los Angeles, the other in San Bernardino. I write to them sometimes. I expect one of them will send in his next letter some orange blossoms. I am a school girl, have no pets, nor with any of the girls that write for the *Farmer*. I am ten years old, and my name is ANNIE L. MARSHALL.

West Paris.

Dear Mr. Editor: I think the editor is very kind to let the young folks have a column in his paper. I have got a big brother, his name is Milton Hitchings. He has a colt two years old, his name is Fly. I have a colt three years old; and I have eleven little pigs, and one pet pig; I can put my hands out in front of him and he will jump over them. I love the horse for my brother this winter to haul wood. I have been out to Milltown to my Uncle Loring Hitching's on a visit. My cousin Ray and I had a nice time. I think the answer to Molly Mop's conundrum is a glove; and I think the answer to Gertie Nowell's riddle is fire. What is that which is put on a table and cut, but never eaten? RALPH HOWE.

Cooper.

My grandfather, B. M. Bicknell, wanted me to write a piece for the *Maine Farmer*. I live in Minneapolis, and I think it is a pleasant place. I like summer better than winter, because in the summer I can ride around the beautiful lakes where the air smells so sweet and the birds sing so sweetly. There are 42 public schools and a number of private schools and the University. I go to the Motley school, and I have ten studies. In the morning I have reading, general lesson, spelling, mental arithmetic, numbers and writing; and in the afternoon have drawing, language, geography and writing. I have a sewing teacher who teaches us to sew. I am 11 years old. LILLIAN EVA BICKNELL.

Dear Mr. Editor: I am a little girl eleven years old. My papa takes the *Maine Farmer*, and we like it very much. I can wash dishes, sweep floors, make beds, knit and sew. For studies I have arithmetic, writing, spelling, geography, grammar and fifth reader. For pets I have a cat and dog, their names are Fannie and Daisy. How many times does the word Jesus occur in the new testament? I guess 964 times. I think the answer to Allie M. Reynold's question is the book of Esther and songs of Solomon. In what verse in the bible are girls and boys mentioned?

Stockton. NETTIE M. PARSONS.

I am a girl 13 years old. My father takes the *Farmer*; I like to read the young folks' column very much. My school is done now. We had a very nice teacher, his name is Ormand Meserve. I study reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic, grammar and history. The answer to Allie M. Reynold's question is, that the word God does not occur in the book of Esther. I guess that the word Lord occurs in the bible 1,855 times. What can you do with a pin? Name all the letters of the alphabet except J? Will Etta West please add my name to her list? STVILLA L. FOSS.

Machias.

Mr. Editor: I am a girl thirteen years old. I live on a farm. My papa takes the *Maine Farmer*, I like to read the young folks' column. I have been to school sixteen weeks this winter. I have got an organ; I have taken 33 lessons. I can knit and sew, and do all kinds of housework. I guess the word Jesus occurs in the new testament 690 times. I guess the fruitless there was a tree leafless, and on the tree leafless there was a bird wingless, down came lord gulf with his bow stringless, and shot the bird wingless from off the tree leafless? ANGIE M. HARDING.

Burnham.

Dear Mr. Editor: I went to school last winter and studied reading, spelling, arithmetic, writing and geography. My twin brother Elmer and I have got a black puppy whose name is Henry, and we have a pair of twin lambs, their names are Milton and Polyanthus. Sherman, another brother, has got two colts whose names are Flora and Jerry. I have five brothers and two sisters. Harry is married, and we all think a great deal of my new sister Hattie. ANNIE ROSE WEBBER.

Mt. Vernon.

THE CHILD'S WARMEST PRAISE. A little girl of three or four years had gone from her home and spent a large part of the day with a childless wife. Getting weary, she was kindly and snugly tucked away on the lounge for a nap. Afterwards, while quietly engaged in her household duties, her aunt was surprised to hear a voice, and stealing up, surprised the lady by saying, with earnest enthusiasm, "You seem just like a mamma."

I am so glad spring has come, so I can pick flowers and we have some rides. My papa keeps a horse and her name is Nellie; she is black with a white star on her forehead. The best of all is Christmas, when Santa Claus brings and fills my feet, a nice book, a penknife, five handkerchiefs, a book-bag, a Christmas card and some ribbon. I am 8 years old.

INEZ MAE BICKNELL.

I am 12 years old. I hope all the boys are after every crow that flies by. I have got three heads now, and am after every one I see. I have neither brother or sister. For pets I have two kittens and Bobbie Bruce, my shepherd dog. I would like to correspond with any of the writers of this column. Figure 4 times is mentioned in the new testament 1000 times.

Indian River. H. K. EMERSON.

Dear Girls: This is my first attempt to write to you. I am 8 years old. I do not go to school now because it is done. When I go I study fifth reader, and big geography and small arithmetic. I can wash dishes and wipe them; sometimes I sweep and make beds and cook some. How many times does Jesus occur in the new testament? I guess 823 times.

Richmond. SADIE E. SMALL.

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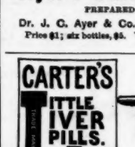

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